VOGUE

75¢
JULY

CURTAIN GOING UP...
INSIDE TIPS ON
THE FASHION
FUTURE

BEAUTY
BIOGRAPHIES
CASE HISTORIES
FROM VOGUE'S
PRIVATE FILE

SPECIAL REPORT:
THE
EDWARD M.
KENNEDYS

TURQUERIE–
NEW LURE
FOR LEGS
AND FEET

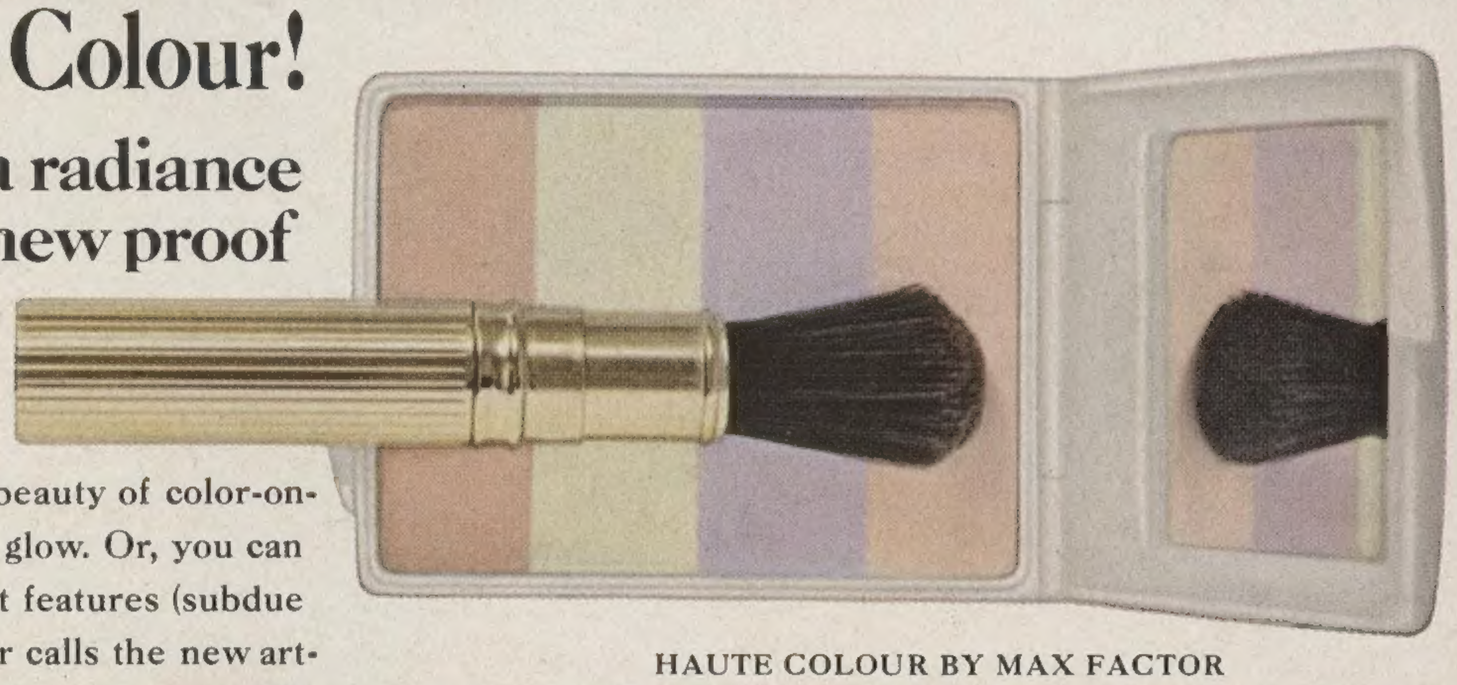


© 1965, MAX FACTOR & CO.

Max Factor creates Haute Colour!

a palette of powders that gives a radiance impossible with one flat shade (new proof that a woman is a work of art)

With a quartet of colors and a soft little brush, Max Factor makes usual powders seem primitive (and powder-puffs obsolete)! No single shade could give the light-softened beauty of color-on-color. Just stroke across the palette for a sensational soft glow. Or, you can contour, cool or warm your complexion, play up your best features (subdue the others). Fluff over make-up or use alone. Max Factor calls the new artistry Haute Colour. It creates the most beautiful self-portrait you ever owned!



HAUTE COLOUR BY MAX FACTOR
a palette of pressed powders, complete with telescopic brush



VERY *Saks Fifth Avenue*

Our black Lyons velvet ensemble—
the grosgrain-banded coat sheltering
a slender velvet skirt and silk
grosgrain shell, $550.
Coat Collections.

Exquisite in their own right, Marcia frames perfectly complement your good taste in jewelry. Marcia weighs less than half an ounce — the light touch for comfort. Delicate hand engraving adds the right touch of beauty and refinement.

Delightful harmony in five color combinations: sable on smoke . . . onyx on silver . . . smoke on silver . . . sable on bronze . . . and azure on silver.

Your practitioner will approve your choice of Marcia frames . . . and so will everyone else.

Light touch . . . Right touch . . . Marcia



Marcia . . . a stunning companion for your jewelry

MARTIN-COPELAND COMPANY • Specialists in Metal Frames since 1880 • E. PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, U. S. A.

JULY, 1965

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN

I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



PENN

COVER: Lips in a cool silvery wash—a look that blows the heat right out of summer, the excitement into autumn. Here, the lipstick toner in Revlon's new series of Quicksilver Cools—Sugar-and-Ice by name. Delicious alone . . . and the tender mauve shimmer that happens when it's worn over Softsilver Rose is a rage to count on. Ditto the wide-open eye: less liner does it, and two eye shadows—pale blue topped with luminous white Blush On. By Revlon. The seed pearls—a coil of white and a rope of Oriental black caught in gold-and-enamel casings—by Schlumberger of Tiffany. Hair slicked by Adrian of House of Revlon.

FASHION

43 Vogue's eye view
44 E. M. K.—special report on the Edward M. Kennedys
52 Inside tips on the fashion future: the smallest fur dress; the Persian bonnet; the guardsman's coat; small jacket, big skirt; the tweed dirndl dinner suit with an asymmetric blouse; the big-skirted coat in black brocade
60 The next shoe—strapped
62 The small dress—thin black wool from 6 o'clock on
70 Vogue Patterns—the small black wool
74 The at-home scene: Daliah Lavi in fresh summer looks
84 Turquerie—new lure for legs and feet
102 Molyneux—news from his first ready-to-wear collection
104 The long nightdress—Daniela Bianchi in Galitzine's dream garden
106 The short nightdress—little blue dreams

FEATURES/ARTICLES/PEOPLE

18 Turquerie Notes
72 Sartre Talks of Beauvoir. An Interview with Madeleine Gobeil
80 People Are Talking About . . . Nureyev
82 The View from a Tall Glass Oasis: The Subliminal Pleasures of Hilton Hotels. By George Bradshaw
94 The Men Who Throw Cold Water on Hot Spies: John Le Carré and Len Deighton

FASHIONS IN LIVING

112 An English Dream: Mrs. Nancy Lancaster's Haseley Court. Photographed by Horst
121 An English Dream. By Valentine Lawford
122 A Second Fame: Good Food—Louise de Vilmorin. By Ninette Lyon

BEAUTY

28 Beauty Checkout
83 The preparation of a makeup
96 Beauty Register: six case histories
108 Beauty Bulletin: how not to miss a thing—the spectacles revolution

DEPARTMENTS

32 Vogue's Notebook: The New Los Angeles County Museum of Art
34 Vogue's Notebook: Paris Ball at the House of Baron and Baronne Alain de Rothschild
36 Vogue's Notebook: Books. By Jean Stafford
37 Vogue's Notebook: Movies. By Joan Didion
38 Vogue's Notebook: Theatre. By Ivan Morris
41 Vogue's Own Boutique of Suggestions, Finds, Observations
130 Vogue's Shop Hound
133 Vogue's Travelog
134 Vogue's School Directory

Vol. 146, No. 1, Whole No. 2141

Copyright © 1965 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in the U.S.A.

VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC., 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN U. S. AND POSSESSIONS, $10 FOR ONE YEAR, $17 FOR TWO YEARS, $22 FOR THREE YEARS. IN CANADA, $11 FOR ONE YEAR, $19 FOR TWO YEARS, $25 FOR THREE YEARS. ELSEWHERE, $15 FOR ONE YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES IN U. S. AND CANADA, 75¢. SIX WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. IN ORDERING A CHANGE, WRITE TO VOGUE, BOULDER, COLORADO. GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST LABEL.

Postmaster: Send Form 3579 to Vogue, Boulder, Colorado.

AMERICAN VOGUE
420 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017
DIANA VREELAND
Editor-in-Chief
Associate Editor:
ALLENE TALMEY
Art Director:
PRISCILLA PECK
Managing Editor:
ROSEMARY BLACKMON
Beauty and Special Projects Editor:
CAROL PHILLIPS
Special Features Editor:
MARGARET CASE
Assistant to the Editor-in-Chief:
GRACE MIRABELLA
Fashion Editors:
BABS SIMPSON CATHERINE DI MONTEZEMOLO
NICOLAS DE GUNZBURG GLORIA SCHIFF
KATHRYNE HAYS Shoes and Stockings
MARGARET INGERSOLL Fabrics
JOYCE MACRAE Fabrics Associate
CARRIE DONOVAN MARY KRUMING
DOROTHEA MCKENNA Foundations, Lingerie
CATHERINE MILINAIRE
SUSAN SLAUGHTER Accessories
DEEDEE MOORE BARBARA CULLEN Shop Hound
Los Angeles Editor: ELEANORE PHILLIPS
Paris Editor: SUSAN TRAIN
Rome Editor: CONSUELO CRESPI
Madrid Editor: ALINE ROMANONES
Copy Editor: EDITH LOEW GROSS
Fashions in Living Editor: ALISON HARWOOD
Fashions in Travel Editor: DESPINA MESSINESI
Associate Feature Editor: KATE LLOYD
Feature Associates:
MARY ROBLEE HENRY PAMELA COLIN
Fashion Copy:
LYDIA MCCLEAN MARY KLEVE
ANNE BLACKWELL
Beauty:
JESSICA CANNÉ JEAN PIERSON TOPSY TAYLOR
Contributing Editors:
CECIL BEATON FRANÇOIS NOURISSIER
ROBIN DOUGLAS-HOME TATIANA MCKENNA Food
DOROTHEA WALKER SHEILA DE ROCHAMBEAU
Copy Executives:
JEANNE BALLOT ANNIS BRADSHAW
Art Department:
EDMUND WINFIELD GERALD SLATER
CAROL KNOBLOCH

Publisher:
S. I. NEWHOUSE, JR.
Executive Editor:
MILDRED MORTON GILBERT
Fashion Merchandising:
DOROTHY PARK Editor
EDIE BEESON SMITH
Fashion Marketing:
BARBARA MCKIBBIN
Promotion:
MARY JANE POOL Director
MAUREEN FOUNTAIN Associate
CAROL HARVEY ROBERT WALKER
LOUIS THAYER
Fashion Services:
GLORIA LISTER
Advertising Director:
RICHARD A. SHORTWAY
Advertising Manager:
ROBERT E. YOST
Eastern Advertising Manager:
JOHN RODNEY
Beauty-Cosmetics Advertising Manager:
WILLIAM D. LEAHON
Fashion Advertising Manager:
ROBERT L. LEICHTER

BRANCH OFFICES
Statler Building, Boston 16, Mass.
Robert Brennecke, Mgr.
65 East South Water Street, Chicago 1, Ill.
Donald H. Koehler, Mgr.
3921 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 5, Cal.
John Brunelle, Mgr.

BRITISH VOGUE
Vogue House, Hanover Square, London, W. 1

FRENCH VOGUE
4 Place du Palais Bourbon, Paris 7

AUSTRALIAN VOGUE
49 Clarence Street, Sydney

THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC.
I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH President
BENJAMIN BOGIN Vice President
PERRY L. RUSTON Executive Vice President
DANIEL SALEM Vice President (Overseas)
ROBERT J. LAPHAM Advertising Director
ALFRED W. COOK Treasurer
MARY E. CAMPBELL Secretary



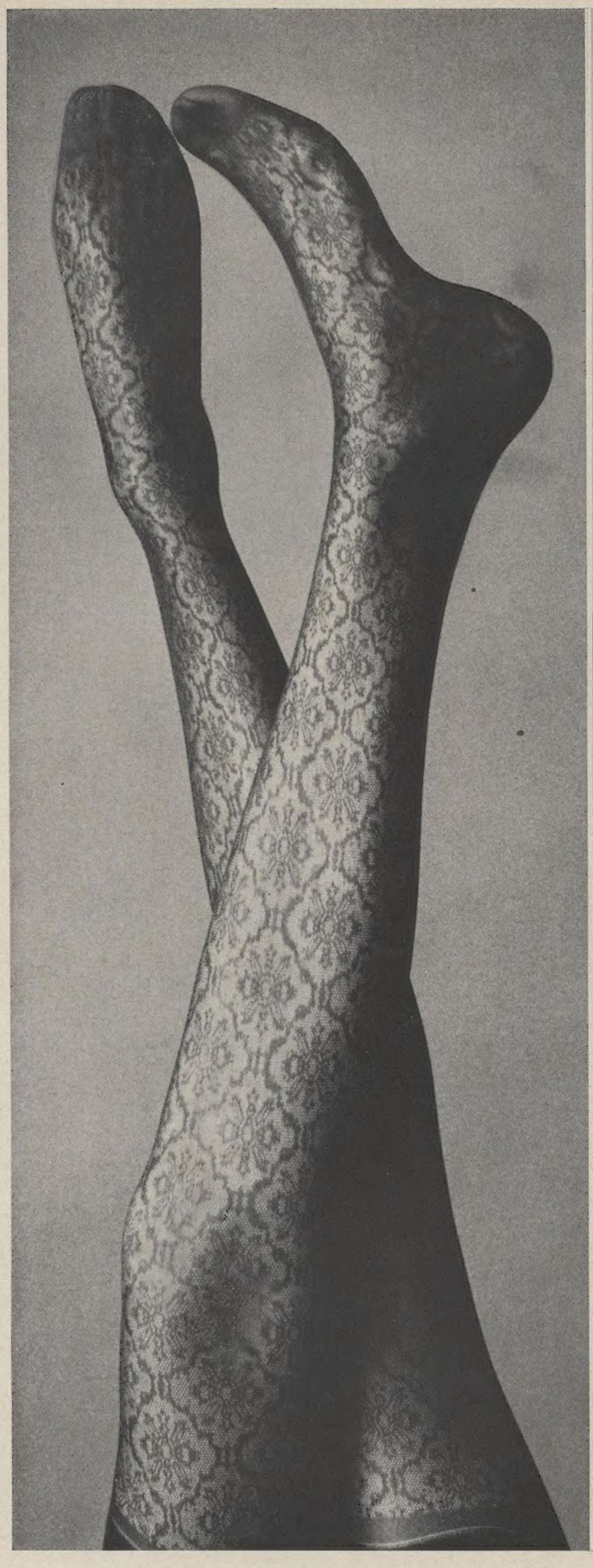
A MOST EXTRAORDINARY FRAGRANCE... NOW IN A NEW SPRAY MIST!

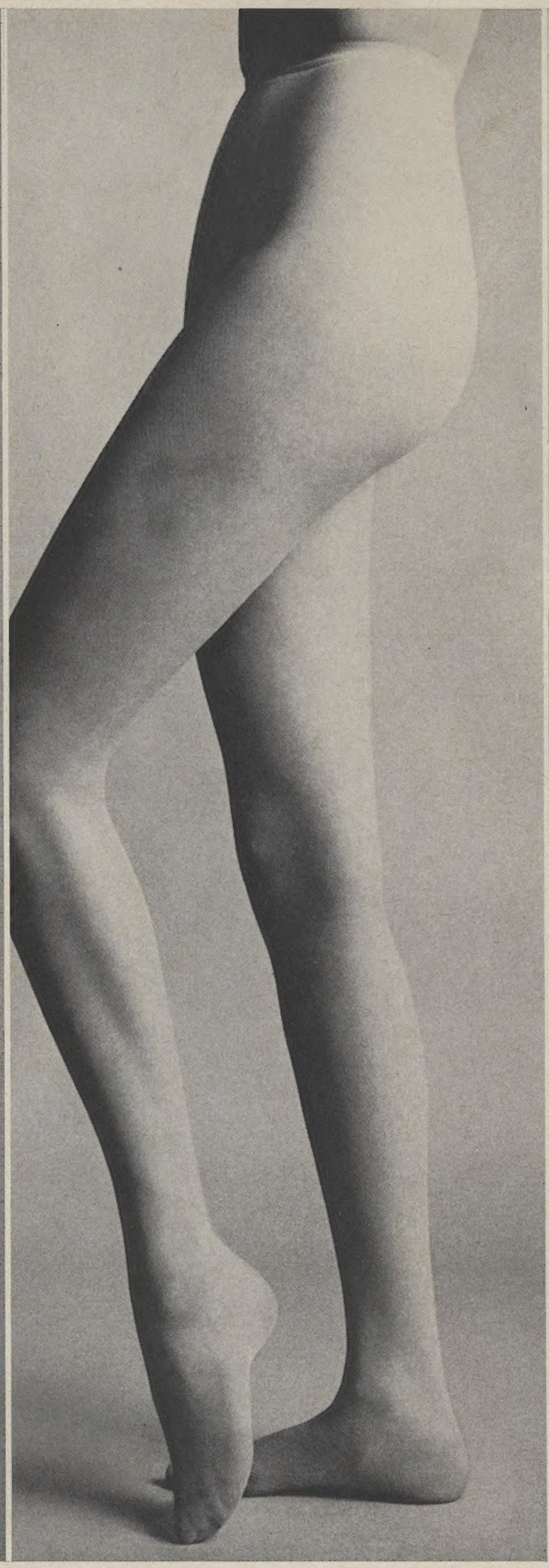


4 OUNCES 5.00 PLUS TAX

'INTIMATE
BY
REVLON

CHERISHED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN GREAT FRAGRANCES







Suddenly, they're subtle. Not kicky, with the fabled fit and flattery of the new



but couture. Textures, tones, tights
Du Pont nylon: CANTRECE®

DU PONT
REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Cantrece" is Du Pont's registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not the stockings or tights shown.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING... *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

Revlon discovers quicksilver!

The look that's setting the world aquiver
with a delicious little shiver of frost!

New Frosted Translucents for Lips and Nails

7 soft-bright (un-trite!) silvered pastels with a near-sheer sheen (more of you showing through.) It's the new cool in color. Latch onto it fast–if you want to be first.



ADDED DISTRACTIONS:

Two quicksilvery frosters (wear them as 'loners' or 'toners'!)
Frosted Malt—a light, luscious shimmery beige.
Sugar-and-Ice—a cool, swingy silvered nude.



Taking
over
today!

Taking
over
to stay!

(It's much
too hot
to cool down!)



From Hollywood...

THE REVOLUTIONARY

CLOSE-UP™ MIRROR / LENS

U.S. AND WORLDWIDE PATS. PEND.



The amazing MIRROR/LENS that opens a 'new world' for farsighted people who wear glasses — and those who should!

The CLOSE-UP MIRROR/LENS was evolved by Nan Grey Laine to aid the make-up problem that is common to millions of women . . . how to *really see* one's face *clearly* to put on cosmetics without wearing glasses.

Miss Grey, wife of noted entertainer FRANKIE LAINE, became aware that thousands of women were experiencing difficulties . . . eyebrows shaped badly, eye-shadow and eye-makeup askew, foundations and rouge applied too heavily, and false eyelashes practically an impossibility.

Magnifying mirrors didn't help — they only made a larger, blurry image. The same thing proved true when 'magnifiers' were used — *it was virtually impossible* to go through the contortions required, and see a *really clear* enlarged image of the face!

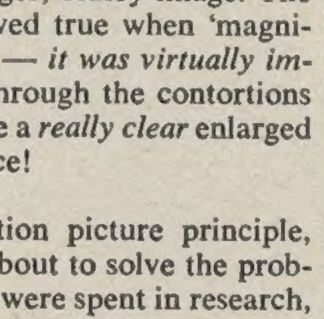
Utilizing a motion picture principle, Miss Grey set about to solve the problem. Four years were spent in research, but now it is a reality!

Because of its revolutionary patent-pending principle it is necessary that *2 strengths* be available . . .

Plus 1—*Most efficacious with persons needing minor corrections.*

Plus 2—*Most efficacious with persons needing stronger corrections.*

The Mirror/Lens will also benefit near-sighted individuals by enabling clear magnification for close facial work. No more gadgets or contortions — even false eyelashes can be put on with ease!



20.00

Available at

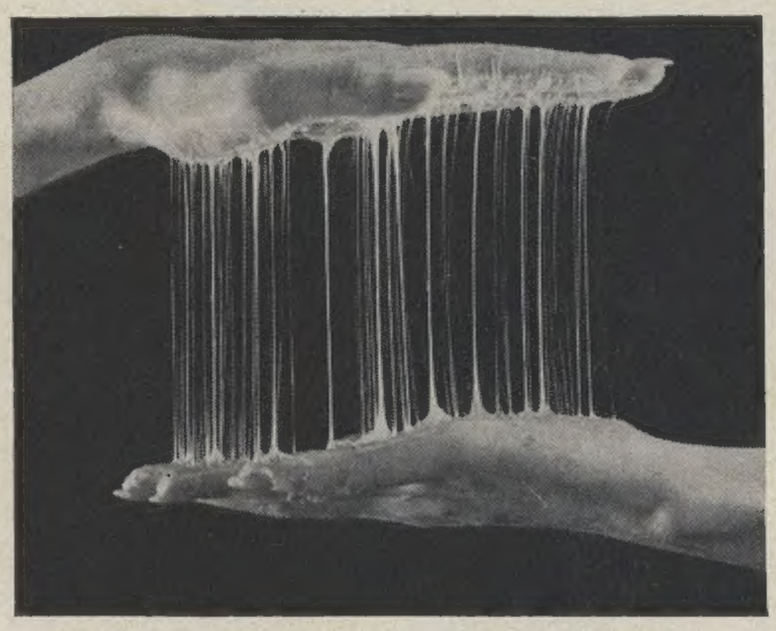
I. MAGNIN & CO.

LOS ANGELES • BEVERLY HILLS • SAN FRANCISCO • SEATTLE
PALO ALTO • FRESNO • CARMEL • SACRAMENTO
SAN FERNANDO VALLEY • PASADENA • SANTA BARBARA
PORTLAND • OAKLAND • SANTA ANA • LA JOLLA • PHOENIX

© CLOSE-UP MIRROR/LENS, Inc.
509 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Facercizer for lazy girls



There was a young woman who was advised by her skin specialist that a facial masque, at least twice a week but preferably once a day, would be tremendously helpful in cleaning up and toning up her difficult skin. In her case, the skin was rather oily, inclined to store up soil, and act a bit droopy long before its time. . . . The skin man turned out to be correct about the invigorating effects of the masque. But, alas, the young woman, in her skin care activities, turned out to be as unvigorous as her skin. Her morning and evening engagements appeared to leave little time for twenty-minute sessions in white-face, and her dates with her masque became more of a biweekly than a daily business. . . . Which is why she and her skin man welcomed the arrival of a new breed of cream that promised "facial exercise" the easy way. Wonderfirm, a confection by Estée Lauder, has the complexion of strawberry aspic, and it slides on for its bracing work coolly and invisibly. Briskly pat-a-pat it on face and neck—and within three minutes it proposes to give a face needed exercise; to tauten and tighten; to do away with dead skin flakes and reduce any reducible puffiness. (Its stimulating "pull" is demonstrated in the photograph above between two hands.) After three minutes—and nothing says it can't stay put longer—Wonderfirm can be rinsed or lotioned off in about fifteen seconds flat. "Funnily enough," our lazy friend mused, "for the first time I rather look forward to the contemplation and application of this kind of face bracer." . . . Bully for a new way to skin a sluggish cat.

CHARLES COOPER FOR COOPER COUTURE

The fashions opposite are also available at the following fine stores:

Albany, N. Y.....Flah's
Albuquerque, N. Mex.....Towne House
Amarillo, Tex.....Colbert's
Ardmore, Okla.....Jean Lee
Atlanta, Ga.....Leon Frohsin
Atlantic City, N. J.....Hamberger's
Austin, Tex.....Goodfriends
Bakersfield, Calif.....Brocks
Baltimore, Md.....Hecht Co.
Baton Rouge, La.....Goldring
Big Springs, Tex.....Schwartz's
Boston, Mass.....Sara Fredericks
Buffalo, N. Y.....L. L. Berger
Chattanooga, Tenn.....Loveman's
Chestnut Hills, Mass.....Monet
Cincinnati, Ohio.....H. & S. Pogue
Columbia, S. Car.....Lisbeth Wolfe
Corpus Christi, Tex.....Godwin Shop
Dallas, Tex.....Marie Leavell
Denver, Colo.....Gano Downs
Des Moines, Iowa.....Julia Lenobel
Detroit, Mich.....Claire Pearone
Duluth, Minn.....A. Silver
El Paso, Tex.....Amen Wardy
Enid, Okla.....Virginia's Dress Shop
Ft. Wayne, Ind.....D. B. Fishman
Ft. Forth, Tex.....Meacham's
Glendale, Calif.....Judd's
Indianapolis, Ind.....Wm. H. Block
Jackson, Mich.....Jacobson's
Jackson, Miss.....Frances Pepper
Jacksonville, Fla.....Levy's
Lawton, Okla.....Sherry's
Lincoln, Neb.....Hovland-Swanson
Little Rock, Ark.....Feinstein's
Long Beach, Calif.....Buffum's
Lubbock, Tex.....Margaret's
McAllen, Tex.....Ladies Supply Co.
Memphis, Tenn.....John Gerber
Miami, Fla.....Jordan Marsh
Midland, Tex.....Lucille's
Milwaukee, Wisc.....Louis Fritzel
Minneapolis, Minn.....Harold's
Nashville, Tenn.....Cain Sloan
New Orleans, La.....Goldring's
Norfolk, Va.....Nicholson & Marks
Odessa, Tex.....The Model Shop
Oklahoma City, Okla.....Balliet's
Pampa, Tex.....Behrman's
Pikesville, Md.....Cross Country Clothes
Reading, Pa.....Marilyn's Custom Shop
Reno, Nev.....Menard's
Rochester, N. Y.....McCurdy's
Salina, Kans.....Warden's
Salt Lake City, Utah.....Makoff
Shreveport, La.....Goldring's
Spokane, Wash.....The Crescent
Tucson, Ariz.....Chez Katrine
Tulsa, Okla.....Leisure Manor
Waco, Tex.....Goldstein & Migel
Washington, D. C.....Julius Garfinckel
Wichita, Kans.....Lewin's
Wichita Falls, Tex.....Mildred's
Wilkes Barre, Pa.....Molly Abramson
Winnetka, Ill.....Frances Heffernan
Youngstown, Ohio.....Betty Goodman



CHARLES COOPER FOR COOPER COUTURE

Rush of stripes . . . dark and refreshing of Onondaga silk. Suits—with swinging or small skirts . . .
Coatdress with Saville Row sleek. Sizes 6 to 16. From $110. Bonwit Teller, New York, Nan Duskin,
Kaufmann's, Milgrim's, Bramson's, Woolf Brothers, Sakowitz, Frost Bros., I. Magnin.

AT ST. TROPEZ THE LOOK IS C'BON







Left: Irish eyes are smiling in C'Bon Magnifique
Below, Left: There's nothing like a Dane in C'Bon Verve
Below, Right: French boy in C'Bon Camelot goes for American girl in C'Bon Grenadier
Center, Left: A Roman holiday is more fun with C'Bon Illusion
Center, Right: Jet set choice for wear anywhere, C'Bon Intrigue









Above: For the all-American he-man, C'Bon Grenadier
Left: International traveler's choice, C'Bon Coquette

C'BON† POLAROID® SUN GLASSES

'Round the world, 'round the clock, all year 'round, suddenly the look is C'Bon. C'Bon, the chic-est thing in eye fashion from St. Tropez to San Francisco. But C'Bon doesn't stop with fashion. C'Bon comforts your eyes with Polaroid lenses — and only polarized lenses stop reflected glare. All this will cost you a little more, of course, but you'll be glad to pay the difference when you see the difference. See C'Bon in seven avant styles at better stores, $10.00 to $20.00. C'Bon, Inc., 1 Continental Road, Boston, Mass. 02150.

† trademark of C'Bon, Inc. ® by Polaroid Corp.

DON'T SAY SUN GLASSES—SAY C'BON!

New! Coiffure Italienne Color Highlight Shampoo by Max Factor



New Soft Squeeze bottle lets just enough shampoo come through—in six Highlight Colors—one just right for you.

If all you want is just clean hair, any shampoo will do. But if you want something that bounces it! gleams it! silks it! sheens it! and highlights hair without changing the color–this is it!

© 1965 MAX FACTOR & CO.

THE GREAT LEG...
AS HANES SEES IT

Leglites flow from the toe to the tip of the hip...dare everything, bare nothing. Made of Cantrece* as only Hanes has the genius to fit and fashion it... they cling to legs like moonlight. If this is one of the breathless ways Hanes sees your legs, imagine all the other looks in store for you.

Great legs deserve Hanes

others need them.

*DuPONT'S REGISTERED TRADEMARK



Summer in a new uninhibited fashion!

BIKINI



TANS

BY HELENA RUBINSTEIN

For your lips and fingertips —colors so provocative they may be banned on the beach!

Nothing but the nudest hints and tints of color—but oh what a great big splash they make! There's no law against wearing these Bikinis out to dinner. Wear them on your lips...your fingertips . . . your toes too—21 spots where nothing but a Bikini Tan should be worn all summer long!

Choose the tall slinky Fashion Stick. (Lipstick and lipliner in one.) Or the short curvaceous Wedding-Ring case. And Nail Fashion to match. All, at fine cosmetic counters everywhere.

- BIKINI PEACH
- BIKINI HONEY
- BIKINI CORAL
- BIKINI PINK



Helena Rubinstein® Fifth Avenue, New York ©1965, Helena Rubinstein, Inc.

At last, robust flavor in a 1 calorie soft drink: Tab.



Taking the calories out of a soft drink—that's easy. But putting robust flavor in—that's hard. It took The Coca-Cola Company to do it. Taste what robust flavor can do for a 1 calorie soft drink. Taste Tab.



DISCOVER YOUR MOST EXCITING NATURAL LOOK: VISIT CLAIROL COLOR CAROUSEL, N.Y. WORLD'S FAIR

Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!™

Sharing a child's fun or by herself, she sparkles! Everything about her fresh and shining...radiant as a new day. Her manner. Her looks. The way her hair catches and reflects light—like natural color at its loveliest. In a sense, she's discovered how to make time stand still. It's Miss Clairol, the surest, most effective way to cover gray, and keep color young, bright and even.

Hairdressers recommend Miss Clairol and use it above all other colorings because their professional reputations depend on beautiful results. They find Miss Clairol the most effective way to cover gray. What's more, it keeps hair in wonderful condition. This, too, is why more women use it. Quick and easy. Try it yourself today.

MISS CLAIROL®

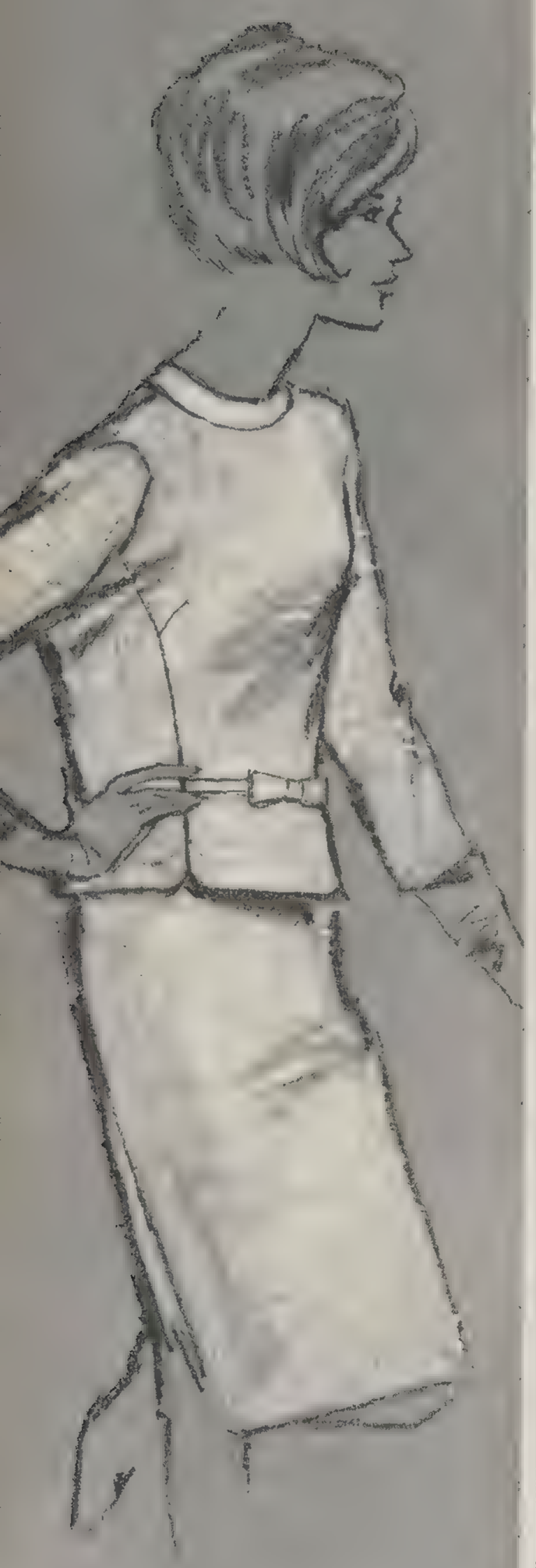


Even close up, her hair looks natural. Miss Clairol keeps it shiny, bouncy. Completely covers gray with the younger, brighter, lasting color no other kind of haircoloring can promise—and live up to!

IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE ★ Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

HAIR COLOR BATH is a trademark of Clairol Inc. © Clairol Inc. 1965

Justin McCarty



With a forward glance at early Fall, Justin McCarty designs an overblouse dress in a richly textured rayon, with the scalloped top gently indented in front with a narrow bowed belt. Golden glow, autumn red, amber brown. Sizes 6 to 16. About $40.

Julius Lewis

1460 Union Ave • 114 S. Main
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Turquerie

Background details and practical notes on Turkey; photographed, pages 84-93

THE PIERRE LOTI COFFEE HOUSE (pages 84, 85, 89, 90), named for the French writer, romantic, Orientalist. Set on a hill in Istanbul overlooking the Golden Horn, the coffee house is built on the spot where Pierre Loti is said to have had his first infatuated sight of 19th-century Constantinople. In these photographs: pillowed and tapestried glimpses of the new Loti-flavoured Winter Room. . . .

BRASS SHOESHINE STANDS (one, page 86) gleam like squat, elaborate street lamps in the villages. Frequently adding to the lustre: glossies of movie stars in the footrest—Hollywood or homegrown variety. . . . Behind the headlines (page 87), A DOMINOES BUFF and the small wooden table on which the game—a sidewalk passion in Turkey—is normally in constant progress. . . .

THE AEGEAN (page 88) snapped at the very moment of sundown—a wonder of blues in a rim of gold sand. . . .

THE STREET COBBLER (page 91), pride of village craftsmen; can, where leather is in short supply, turn out a handsome pair of shoes with soles cut out of old car tires. The woman watching in the background wears, on her head, a basörtüsü of white muslin edged in fine tatting. Around the doorway, a familiar Turkish delight: garlands of painted flowers and a bright bird. . . .

A HOOKAH, POLISHED AND BUBBLING (page 92). This particular waterpipe was kept at a gurgle by its off-camera owner, one of the nomadic mountain people of Turkey called Kurds. . . .

EPHESUS (page 93), the great ancient Ionic city, site of the Temple of Artemis. Now a splendour of white marble ruins—Greek and Roman—against red earth and green fields, thick with daisies and tiny white dandelions.

HOW TO GO: Travellers flying from New York to Istanbul agree

(Continued on page 22)

Short line on lingerie

Champagne and black lace



JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON

A chemise to crave: skim of champagne-coloured georgette with black lace covering the bosom and scalloping the hem. A satin rose lies flat on the bosom, tiny rosebuds top the hem. Smooth as cream, it leads a soft life under the short dresses of Now. By Saab. In georgette of Du Pont nylon (Stern & Stern fabric).
About $25. At Bergdorf Goodman; Bullock's-Wilshire.
Coiffure by Charles of Marcel.

pull!

pop!

stroke!

Dorothy Gray

did it!



New Brush Stroke... first complete eye make-up compact with built-in brush

The color tray slides out...a plush little brush pops up. One touch of Brush Stroke...and eyes light up with the softest, most shimmery glow under the sun or stars. There are compacts with every new shade of shadow from sky blues and mossy green to turquoise and platinum. Brow Styler and Eye Liner Compacts in sable browns, subtle smokes, velvety blacks. Have all three and see how beautiful your eyes can be: Eye Shadow, Brow Styler and Eye Liner Compacts, each $2.50 plus tax.


UN-TAMED!


THIS SUMMER
CUTEX
SWINGS ON THE
BIKINI
BEAT


UN-TIMID!


Also available in Canada.



Colors born to the beach—bare as a bikini!



Cases bikini'd for fun in the sun! Crazy!



Collect 'em! Pick the color you want—the case you want. Collect a few . . . play switch-eroo! $1.00 plus tax.





Turquerie

(Continued from page 18)

that on long trips there are definite advantages in stopovers. The timetable of SABENA, Belgian World Airlines, works out especially pleasantly on this score. Instructions aboard SABENA are called out in quadruples, that is to say in the two languages of Belgium—French, Flemish—plus German and English. Aboard the overnight flight from New York, passengers, tucked under silky wool plaids, rather like Scotch tartans, bound in black velvet, doze across the Atlantic.

Served with hot flaky croissants and sweet butter, morning coffee blended with chicory gives an instant European flavour. Landing in Brussels at about ten in the morning, passengers have a two-hour stopover in the glassy airport, which looks like an enormous winter garden under a huge cantilevered roof. (According to one traveller, the closest thing to it is the new ball park in Houston, Texas.)

A flock of bright-eyed hostesses, easily identified in bold blue-and-white checked dresses and each wearing as a badge a red rose, is on hand to direct passengers, to fuss over them like nannies. Some people fill in the time at the duty-free shops which sell everything from Dior ties to liquors to Russian caviar; others prefer to check in at the airport hotel, a dash away from the main lobby. Day rates for a single room, quiet as a cell, with a gay blue mosaic-tiled bathroom, $3.50.

At Vienna and Athens, the next two stops, no change of plane—just thirty minutes time for unkinking. After gliding into Istanbul around eight in the melting summer sunset, passengers reach their hotels at about nine. There is no temptation to sight-see; instead, they are ready for dinner and bed, and, the next day, refreshed for the fascinations of Turkey.

SABENA flies every Tuesday and Saturday from New York to Istanbul.

Fashion Show of Vogue Patterns and Fabrics

Stores featuring Vogue Patterns in Forstmann fabrics (pages 70-71)

ARKANSAS
The Blass Co., Little Rock. Aug. 18, 19

CALIFORNIA
Buffums', Long Beach, July 28; Pomona. July 30
Capwell's, Oakland. Aug. 20, 21
Bullock's, Pasadena. Sept. 2, 3
The Emporium, San Francisco. Aug. 16, 17, 18
Bullock's, Santa Ana. Aug. 3, 4
Bullock's, San Fernando, Sherman Oaks. Sept. 29, 30

COLORADO
The Denver Dry Goods Co., Denver. Sept. 8-11

CONNECTICUT
G. Fox & Co., Hartford. Oct. (Check dates with store.)

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Woodward & Lothrop, Inc., Washington. Sept. 23, 24, 25

ILLINOIS
Marshall Field & Company, Chicago. Aug. 11-14

MARYLAND
Hutzler's, Baltimore. Aug. 12, 13, 14

MASSACHUSETTS
Jordan Marsh-Boston. Sept. 9, 10, 11

MINNESOTA
Dayton's, Minneapolis and Branches. Aug. 30, 31; Sept. 1, 2

MISSOURI
Emery Bird Thayer, Kansas City. Sept. 16, 17

NEW YORK
Sattler's, Buffalo. Oct. 18, 19, 20
Bloomingdale's, N. Y. C. and Branches. Oct. (Check dates with store.)
McCurdy & Company, Rochester. Sept. 30

NORTH CAROLINA
Belk's, Charlotte. Sept. 20, 21

OHIO
M. O'Neil Co., Akron. July 26; Canton, July 27
H. & S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati. Sept. 13
The Halle Bros. Co., Cleveland. Week of Oct. 4
Rike's, Dayton. Sept. 16

OKLAHOMA
Wayne Russell Fabrics, Inc., Oklahoma City. Sept. 20-25
Brown-Dunkin Department Stores, Tulsa. Sept. 16

OREGON
Meier & Frank, Portland. Aug. 26, 27, 28

PENNSYLVANIA
Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia. Oct. 13
Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh. July 22, 23, 24

TENNESSEE
Miller Bros. Co., Chattanooga. Sept. 2, 3
Goldsmith's, Memphis. Oct. 1, 2

TEXAS
Titche Goettinger, Dallas. Aug. 9, 10, 11
Foley's, Houston. Aug. 23, 24
Frost Bros., San Antonio. Aug. 5

WASHINGTON
Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. Aug. 26, 27, 28

WISCONSIN
Harry S. Manchester, Inc., Madison. Oct. (Check dates with store.)

Vogue Patterns

(Continued from pages 70-71; other views, yardages, details)



6343 1333

Above left: Ruffled black wool dress—cut bias or straight, optional ruffle at neckline or hem. Vogue Pattern 6343. Sizes 10-18. Size 14 requires 2¾ yds. of 54″ fabric without nap. $1.50. Canada, $1.65. *Above right:* Black wool scarf dress—side zipper closing. Vogue Paris Original Model 1333. Sizes 10 to 18. Size 14 requires 2⅞ yards of 54″ fabric without nap. $3.00. In Canada, $3.30.

VOGUE PATTERNS ARE AVAILABLE AT IMPORTANT SHOPS IN EVERY CITY OR BY MAIL FROM VOGUE PATTERN SERVICE, P. O. BOX 549, ALTOONA, PA. AND IN CANADA, AT P. O. BOX 4042, TERMINAL A, TORONTO 1, ONT. FOR FIRST CLASS MAIL, PLEASE ADD 10C FOR EACH PATTERN ORDERED. NOTE: CALIFORNIA AND PENNSYLVANIA RESIDENTS ADD SALES TAX.



What-to-wear with golden skin

MAX FACTOR'S 3 LITTLE BARES



NEW BARE-HUGS OF COLOR FOR SUN-WARMED FACES AND FINGERTIPS

This is bareness with flair! Not too hot, not too bold...just three wisps of color to wear with golden skin. Don't shy off. Go hunting today for the new (and wild!) young bares.

Papaya Bare, Baby Bare and Mocha Bare in summery new Hi-Society cases and matching Nail Satin.

© 1965 MAX FACTOR & CO.



Here is the First Corrective Hand Cream for Neglected Hands

To make old hands look younger
*—so effective it even fades age*spots*

If your hands look old—dull, coarse or darkened...red or weathered...detergent-damaged...even if they are marred by horrid brown spots, you need a *corrective* hand cream—*one with ingredients that can undo those ravages.*

And here is the first corrective hand cream—called Esoterica, to make old-looking hands look young and ivory-white.

In it are the finest moisturizing, lubricating ingredients of finest hand lotions. But more—much more.

In Esoterica are ingredients to clear the skin, to lighten, to heal.

And so effective is Esoterica that it will even fade away those *weathered brown spots some women have.

So imagine how effectively Esoterica will make old-looking hands look clearer, whiter, younger! Imagine how confidently you can look forward to hands that are smooth and ivory-white.

Use morning and night. Produced by a trustworthy 52-year-old laboratory. Delightful to use—it absorbs with not a trace of oiliness or stickiness.



At all cosmetic counters.
$2.00 plus tax.

ESOTERICA *by Mitchum*

What kind of women wear Fashion Tress Wigs?

Busy women, who have to look their best at a moment's notice. Sensible women, who want a light, airy, comfortable wig. Fashion-conscious women, who are concerned with style and color. Sophisticated women, who know the best wigs are made in Europe of the finest natural hair. Satisfied women, who are glad they bought the world's finest wig.

Always look for the Fashion Tress label in fine department stores, wig and beauty salons. Prices start at $150.

Fashion Tress Inc.

PARIS MIAMI BEACH NEW YORK



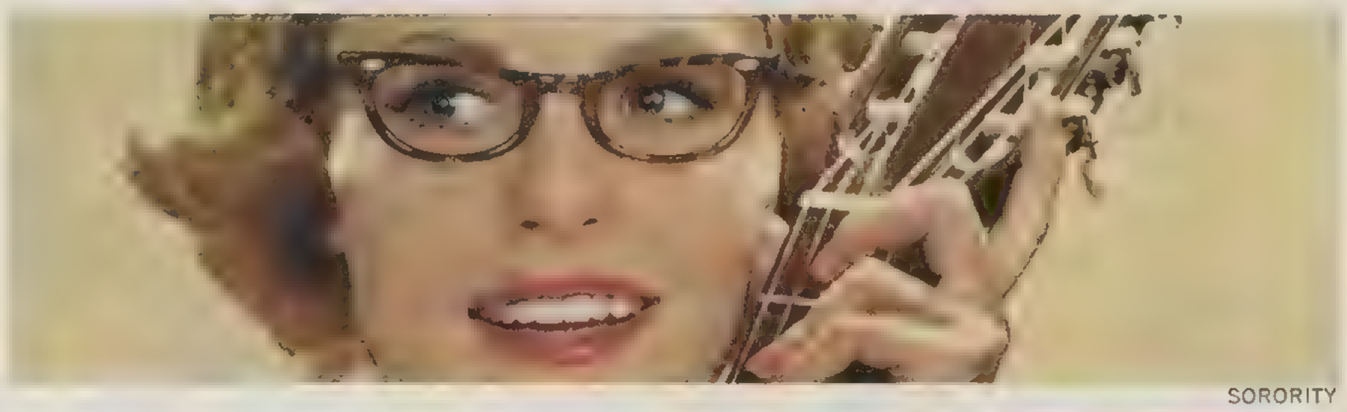
Endorsed by SYLVIA SCHAEFER, internationally known authority on fashion wigs and consultant to Fashion Tress.

©Fashion Tress, Inc. 1965



SLEEK—FROM AMERICAN OPTICAL'S SHOWPIECE DESIGN COLLECTION

The eyes have it. They have a certain serenity because they see so well. And they have a certain excitement because they look so well. That's why women who have an eye on fashion choose American Optical eyewear. There are eyeglasses for your eyes, your face, your life. And they're all by American Optical, whose exclusive Red Dot® frames have temple screws which never loosen.



SORORITY



NIGHTLIFE



WINDSWEPT

See a member of the eye care professions about American Optical eyewear. And everything will look dazzling tomorrow. Especially you, in one of these Showpiece Designs by

AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY



Let your hairdresser color-style your hair with ROUX*

Until you do, you'll never know how deliciously exciting hair color can be! For professional judgment and professional application, combined with the superb quality of Roux colorings, bring you the ultimate in hair color beauty. ■ It's an open secret why Roux is such a long-established favorite of hair colorists. Roux provides the most natural looking colors imaginable, for gray or dull hair. The most exquisitely gossamer colors for bleached hair. Roux caresses your hair with a luminous glow, a silky-soft feel – makes your hair color more exciting, and so helps you to *feel* more exciting. ■ So if you've tired of the ordinary, go see your hairdresser. It's worth it!



Professional Cosmetics for Lovelier Hair Color

FANCI-TONE* Creme Hair Tint for lasting color ■ NICE CHANGE* Hair Color Lotion for semi-permanent color ■ FANCI-FULL* Rinse for temporary color ■ Let your hairdresser advise the type, as well as the color, that best suits your needs.

*REG. TRADE MARK ©1985 ROUX LABORATORIES, INC..



BEAUTY CHECKOUT

July

OP what? Much of the beauty portion of this issue is given to talking op—as you'll see shortly. A small orientation course in optical terms would therefore seem to make a certain sense. . . . *Ophthalmologist*, as you probably know, is an eye doctor, a medical man who specializes in all the troubles that beset eyes. Oculist is his other name, not used much anymore. . . . *Optician* is one of the two major dispensers of spectacles; he fills a prescription, fashions the frames to the face of the wearer, and he (or she—there are some superb female opticians) can also be remarkably helpful cosmetically: some know all sorts of trick ways to compensate for such facial faults as a crooked nose, simply by legerdemain (more about this in a later issue). . . . So can a clever *optometrist*, who also dispenses spectacles, but has a further claim to expertise: intensive additional training equips him to measure and diagnose an eye's sight-needs; therefore he can both prescribe for eyes and fill the prescription—as well as frame it. . . . *Op art*, the fourth op of our orientation course (and a reason for new op awareness) is stimulation of the retina by the manner in which colours and patterns are arranged to create an effect of motion. (The term was first coined in the October 23, 1964 issue of Time by that publication's young art editor, Jon Borgzinner.) . . . And speaking of eyes and of op art as the youngest of the current art rages, it may be opportune to mention a little-discussed aspect of the current Youthquake (a term, now that we're attributing coinages, first minted in the January 1, 1965 issue of Vogue): more young eyes wear spectacles now than ever before. This need is attributed not to TV-viewing, increased boy- and girl-watching, accelerated bookishness, or the like. It's attributed simply to improved detection methods—more eyes are looked at more carefully now, hence more awareness of more eyes' needs. . . .

Fingernails, ten strong—new way to armour them "This is an entirely different approach. . . . No one else has this ingredient": chief chemist at the long-respected Helena Rubinstein laboratories speaking. His subject, a thing called Strong and Long, which goes about its work of fingernail-strengthening in a *not* usual way. To begin with, it's meant to be used over the entire nail without thoughts of possible toxicity. Its treasured ingredient has a special affinity for the natural keratin of the nails—to which, in fact, it attaches itself to form a protective coating. What does "protective" mean exactly? Almost belligerent guardianship. A bottle of Strong and Long, poured into a dish, forms a substance so hard it can't be broken. . . . To use the stuff successfully, be sure the nail is thoroughly cleansed and lacquerless. "It's imperative that the nail be really clean, not just superficially clean, because the hardener won't adhere to foreign matter." . . . You can lacquer afterwards, of course. But for fingernails badly out of sorts, it might be a good thing to use the liquid several times during the first week or so; once strengthened, once-a-week application should be enough for maintenance. . . .

The littlest bikini This won't rock the scientists at any of the great cosmetics laboratories; it will, however, almost surely move a lot of lipsticks: the new encasing of a series of lipsticks in an adorable little series of bikinis. Girl-shaped, painted brightly, each case is got up differently—and each girl has a most miniscule navel. . . . Simply a new summer amusement by everyone's old friend Cutex, the lipsticks thus dressed could be an any-age rage. . . . Since lipstick is for wearing, however, not just for looking at, we might mention that the shades are very good—especially likeable, Malibu Melon, a silvery mauve that should make non-lipstick-wearers think twice (and on second thought, get off that dreary kick of nothingness). . . .



A whole face in a little case!

(Duette—the Coty compact with the hidden lipstick)

Neatest thing on the beach…Duette. 'Airspun' Cream Powder *plus* a full-size lipstick. Small enough to take anyplace. And any Coty lipstick fits the slot… either new moisturizing Cremestick or Coty '24'. So get set for a carefree summer fling. Get Duette —and, honey, you've got everything!

DUETTE BY COTY

©COTY 1962



STICATES COIFFURE BY PIERRE HENRI.
BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.



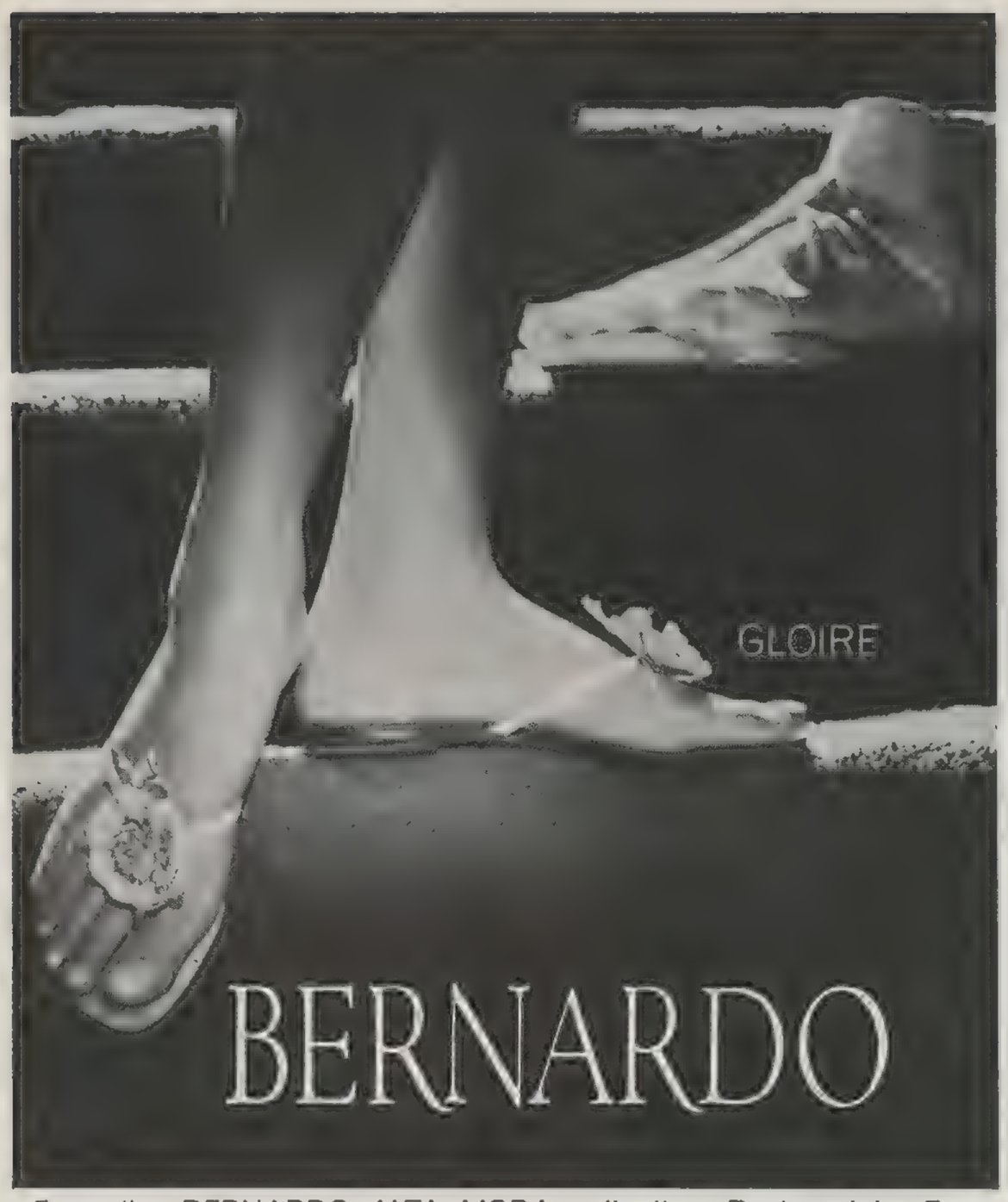
Things happen at eye level . . . the moment of truth in your makeup. Choose your eyewear to dramatize the event. Whether your "look" is one of natural charm, wide surprise, or bold ambuscade there is a matching subtlety of color and contour in eyewear by Bausch & Lomb. The man who fits your glasses will know!

High fashion at eye level





BAUSCH & LOMB



From the BERNARDO ALTA MODA collection. Designed by Eva Sonnino. $15 to $50. At Lord & Taylor, New York; Neiman Marcus, Dallas, Houston, Ft. Worth; I. Magnin & Co., West Coast; and other fine stores, or write BERNARDO SANDALS, 17 E. 22 St., New York 10010.



DISTINCTIVE

CHRISTMAS CARDS

from The Metropolitan Museum of Art

☆The new catalogue of the famous Metropolitan Museum cards. This year a Spanish primitive of the Three Kings in scarlet, green, and gold, a della Robbia Nativity, a fifteenth century street scene by a Flemish master, a Raphael Madonna, a blue and gold Japanese scroll of celestial musicians, a circus painting from a French snuffbox, a prancing lion and a rose in embroidered silks, and a collection of brilliant watercolor sketches of Early American sleighs are among the more than fifty new designs. ☆ All of the cards are printed under the direct supervision of the Museum in limited editions and cost from 5 to 95 cents each. They can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art

255 Gracie Station, New York 10028 G1

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

_____ ZIP_____

VOGUE'S

The jubilation for the new Los Angeles County Museum of Art

With a festival flourish Los Angeles celebrated its sumptuous new museum. At two galas—one for Founding Benefactors, one for Lenders and Donors—guests met in the Ahmanson Gallery's atrium, moved on through the museum's splendours: the plazas with gold-lit fountains and reflecting pools and sculptures by Moore, Renoir, and Kricke and the three marbled pavilions holding acres of treasures. Among them: Degas's "The Bellelli Sisters," Vuillard's "Picnic," the rose Gobelins. These will be joined by Rembrandt's "Titus," recently bought by Norton Simon, parts of whose great collections are in the museum. "For a week we practically lived there," said one collector. The week ended with a celestial grand slam: to the symphonic burst of Royal Fireworks Music, Handel's portrait bloomed in fireworks in the sky.

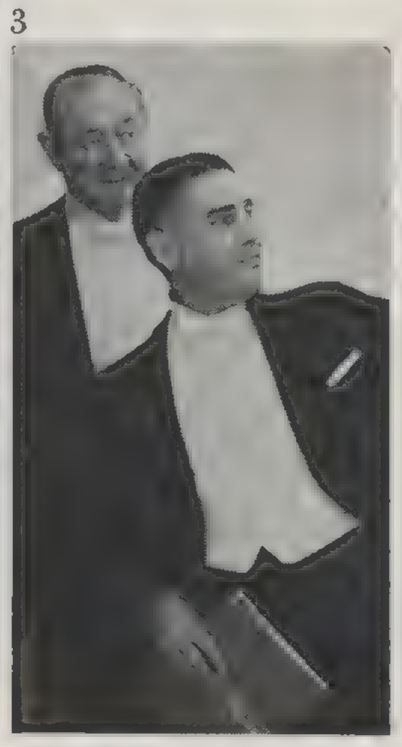


1

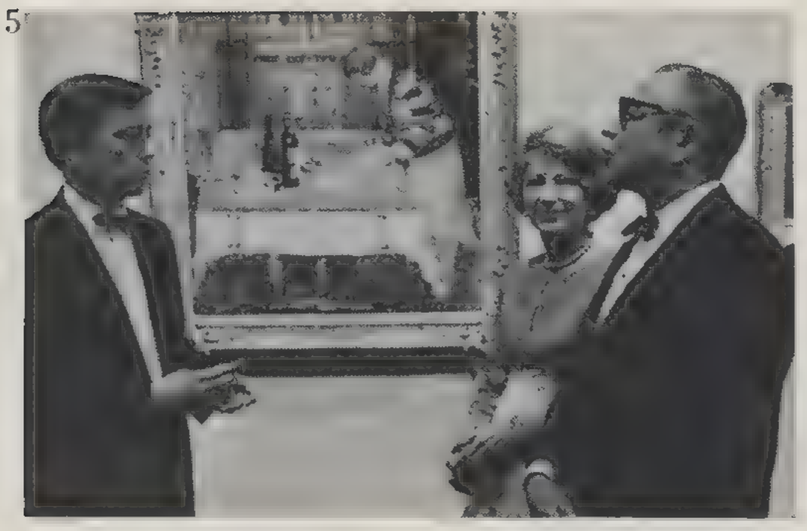
1. The Founding Benefactors dinner. 2. Mr. William L. Pereira, who designed the museum, and Mrs. Pereira. 3. Mr. Edwin W. Pauley; Dr. Richard F. Brown, Director of the Museum. 4. Mr. Edward W. Carter, President, Board of Trustees. 5. Mr. James Elliott, Chief Curator, in front of Bonnard's "The Luncheon," lent by Mr. and Mrs. William Goetz, *right.* 6. In front of Allori's "Venus Disarming Cupid," Mr. Norton Simon, *centre;* Mr. Delane Roberts, *left.* 7. Mr. Norman Chandler; Mrs. Edward W. Carter. 8. Mr. and Mrs. Del E. Webb; Mr. and Mrs. Howard Ahmanson.

NOTEBOOK


2


3


4


5


6


7


8

What does a hairdresser have to do with straighter-looking hair like this?



Just about everything.

A look like this begins in a beauty salon. It didn't just happen at home with a comb, a brush and some spray. It *couldn't.*

Only a professional hairdresser knows how to handle, how to *create* today's smoother, straighter, sculptured styles. They're based primarily on body and contour. Maybe your hair has body, maybe not — maybe not enough.

But your hairdresser now has a way of actually building contour *into* your hair. The kind of contour and body that can then be shaped, moulded, worked. How is it done? With an utterly new product. It's called a Permanent Styling Base because that's just what it is, just what it does. It's made by Caryl Richards. It's "SHAPE-UP". It lets your hairdresser 'shape up' your hair. Gives it curves, without curls; shape, without swirls. Adds the cushion, contour, complete control that the straighter styles demand. Lasts through shampoo after shampoo.

Intrigued? Pick up your phone and make a date with your hairdresser to 'shape up' your hair. Then you can sit back and relax.

Everyone knows if it's **Caryl Richards** *... it is better for your hair!*

the Union
BEAUTY SALON / COLUMBUS, OHIO



DOUBLE POW

For Beautiful Eyes

OP ART

By

Harlequin®

Corporation

29 West 57 Street New York

This is pow: eyes with a cool steady blaze of modern art—framed in glowing contrasts of black and white, green and blue, or orange and yellow. Available with tinted or clear lenses . . . for glare protection only, or in your prescription.

VOGUE'S

A surfing ball, in Paris
at the splendorous house of
Baron and Baronne Alain de Rothschild



1

It was a little like wandering into a Fellini movie. . . . Damasked walls hung with Rembrandts and Raphaels, chandeliers heavy with crystals like cherry blossoms, lighted vitrines, mirrors, cut velvet, gold . . . in the midst of this baroque splendour, the best looking young of Paris drinking champagne, dining on smoked trout and chaudfroid of chicken, shaking, surfing, hush-puppying, twin-foxing to the *yé-yé* band Le Vicomte. For the first time, Baron Alain de Rothschild had opened his famous, and famously impenetrable, house to the public, at $100 a ticket, to benefit the Association Consistoriale Israelite de Paris, of which he is president. The result was, quite simply, a ball.

1. M. Ernest-Antoine Seillière; Baronne Alain de Rothschild; M. Robert de Rothschild. 2. Mlle. Elizabeth Bleustein-Blanchet; M. Marcel Bleustein-Blanchet; Mme. Marie-Françoise Bleustein-Blanchet. 3. Comte Adrien de Moustier and Mlle. Cécile de Rothschild. 4. Seated: Mlle. Béatrice Altariba; Baron Alain de Rothschild. 5. Comtesse Charles de Leusse; Mme. Maurice Rheims; on the wall above, the Balthus portrait of Baronne Alain de Rothschild. 6. M. David de Rothschild; Mlle. Béatrice Dautresme. 7. Mlle. Angelika Lazanska. 8. M. Philippe Allez; Mlle. Isabelle de Waldner.



2

NOTEBOOK



3



4



6



5



7



8





YOU AND I. MAGNIN

Prize the moisturizer supreme: Hydriane by Dr. Payot. To sustain skin by penetrating deeply and achieving the perfect moisture balance. Prepared by Dr. Payot exclusively for I. Magnin & Co.

ALL STORES, CALIFORNIA, SEATTLE, PORTLAND AND PHOENIX.



Lady Exeter Walks in Irish Linen



The most exciting . . . most elegant stocking ever made . . . to skip in, to leap in . . . to lose your heart to now! **Killarney** . . . a new concept in nubby knits with all the nonchalance of international couture. Irish linen blended with Arnel® and nylon for perfect over-the-knee one size stretch hose. From a Lady Exeter collection of new nubby knits . . . in marvelous colors like gold, pink, purple, blue, maize, pearl. About $4.00 at fine stores everywhere, or write

LADY EXETER

EXETER HOSIERY MILLS, 40 East 34th Street, N.Y.





VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: BOOKS

By Jean Stafford

Taken Care Of,

"dazzling self-advertisement"

In her autobiography, *Taken Care Of* (Atheneum), Dame Edith Sitwell takes care of just about everybody she ever knew with showers of boiling oil (no parents ever had a more eloquently vituperative daughter) or swift, fatal, intravenous injections of venom (D. H. Lawrence is felled as if he had trod on a fer-de-lance); and, on the other hand, with blankets of splendid flowers, diadems, gold-encrusted testimonials to worth. Among others, she, her brothers, Dylan Thomas, Pavel Tchelitchew, and Marilyn Monroe receive her lavish congratulations. She exhales brimstone; she is an unconscionable snob. In this dazzling self-advertisement, she demonstrates, as no evolutionist has ever done, the close kinship of the wicked serpent and the gorgeous bird. The book, indeed, is like a piece of Asian iconography in which scales and plumes are executed with the most exquisite differentiation.

Dame Edith was the eldest of the celebrated trinity of Sitwells: "We were born to be professionals," she wrote; in her vocabulary, "amateur" was the most withering of pejoratives. She was wretchedly lonely until Osbert was born, and except for a nurse and her father's valet, her only companions were an owl that perched with its head on her shoulder "pretending to snore in order to attract mice," and a peacock who returned her love until her treacherous father bought him a wife: "I do not think it was the injury to my pride at being jilted by a peacock that I minded. . . . It was my first experience of faithlessness."

She wrote poetry early and voluminously and late: false modesty does not prevent her in these pages from affectionately re-examining and extolling some of her most beautiful poems. She knew everyone she chose, in her imperious way, to know. Exteriorly, she appears vain, contrary, a woman with an unmerciful tongue; but in her interior castle, she travailed all her seventy-seven years and the last majestic line of her book is this: "Then all will be over, bar the shouting and the worms."

The Kimono Mind,

"every sort of comedy"

The Kimono Mind by Bernard Rudofsky (Doubleday) can be defined no more precisely than delight can be defined; to read it is to experience every sort of comedy from the most raucous slapstick to the slyest paradox. It is not in any conventional sense a guide to Japan, although a visitor to that part of the mysterious East would be well advised to consult it before he goes. It is a guide, really, to the Japanese mind—a mind at once elegant and absurd, at once convoluted and absolutely simple. Lafcadio Hearn, who became a Japanese citizen and took a Japanese wife, never tried to learn the "singularly tormented" language: "Could you learn all the words in a Japanese dictionary," he wrote, "you would not make yourself understood in speaking unless you learned to think like a Japanese—that is to say, to think backwards, to think upsidedown and inside out." Rudofsky, an architect who travels in the leisurely, idiosyncratic manner of the great nineteenth-century writer-voyagers, talks of the loveliness and the exotic discomforts of old inns. He also warns that if you take a train in Japan, you must be prepared to see men taking off their trousers and jackets and shoes which they put in the luggage rack, and then going to sleep with their feet sticking out of the windows. The book is handsomely illustrated with drawings and woodcuts that enrich the subtly exuberant text.

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK:

MOVIES

By Joan Didion

The Pawnbroker,

"numbingly predictable mind at work"

There is something uniformly peculiar about the pictures Sidney Lumet has directed: rather like stories turned out by bright but unimaginative "creative writing" students, they are dutifully rendered and almost totally unfelt. Just as there was nothing academically "wrong" (nothing embarrassing, no Laurence Harveys, no Deb Stars) with Lumet's *Long Day's Journey Into Night,* there is nothing "wrong" with his *The Pawnbroker.* Nonetheless *The Pawnbroker* fails, as surely as, if somewhat more obscurely than, *Long Day's Journey* failed. Lumet seems to me something of a puzzle. While some instinct leads him to undertake tremendously promising projects, he brings to those projects only a stunning literal-mindedness. If Eugene O'Neill wrote *Long Day's Journey* to play largely around a dining-room table, then Lumet will shoot it around a dining-room table, whatever the visual tedium. If Edward Lewis Wallant made use of short italicized flashbacks in *The Pawnbroker,* then Lumet, in his picture, will try the closest effect possible, whatever the unreliability of film flashback. Besides, like those students who turn in stories about children on islands for several semesters after their initial exposure to *Lord of the Flies,* Lumet is a close observer of what has worked for someone else, and flashbacks have worked for Alain Resnais. *The Pawnbroker* is in fact an encyclopaedia of recent mannerisms. There are in *The Pawnbroker* some nice things: a long shot of identical Long Island backyards; a scene on the dreary two-by-four balcony of a new West Side apartment building; two or three seconds of a hood lying in bed with some physical culture photographs. But beneath everything there lies a kind of vacuum. The task of portraying a man withdrawn into unchanging grief seems to have suggested to Lumet only that Rod Steiger should look unchangingly grief-stricken and should speak scarcely at all, a mode of characterization which, however possible in fiction and however faithful to "life," presents obvious difficulties in a two-hour motion picture.

It is that numbingly predictable mind at work again, that steady veer toward the literal solution, and where it is getting Lumet is nowhere at all. He is now making *The Group,* and I have every expectation that he will fade in with a shot of Mary McCarthy, typing. *Dissolve.*

Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines, Or: How I Flew from London to Paris in 25 Hours and 11 Minutes,

"light and pretty and stylish"

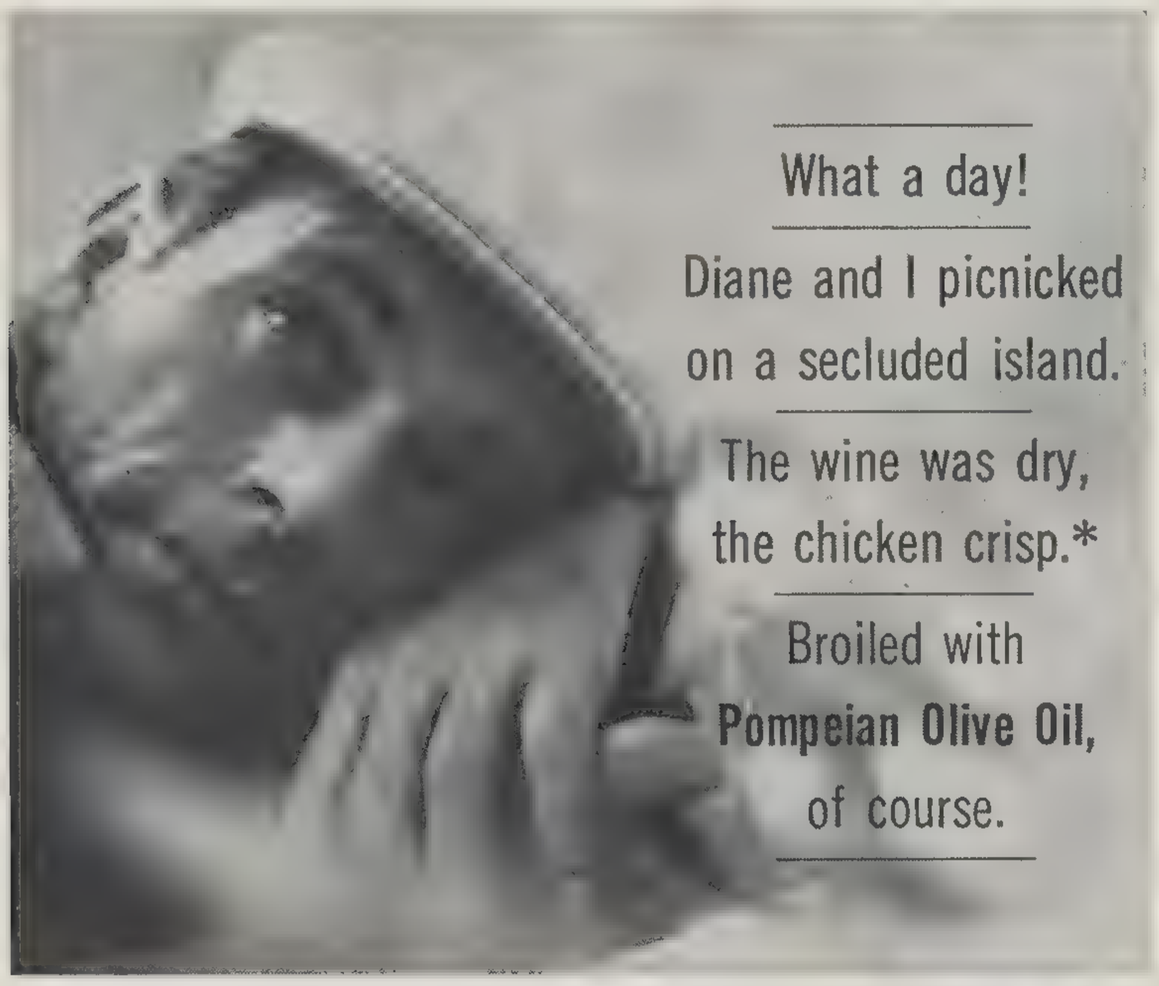
This happy trifle has to do with an international air race in 1910. The story, such as it is, is just a manipulation of certain harmless clichés about national character (the emotional Italian, the amorous Frenchman, the American who says "Howdy"), and while this sounds trying, it is not, so light and pretty and stylish is the picture, everything swimming in the green grass of England and the sweet lambent air of a 1910 that never was. Sarah Miles chooses Stuart Whitman and Romance over James Fox and Tradition, and her father, Robert Morley, mutters: "The trouble with these international affairs is that they attract foreigners." Robert Morley has been muttering that line for some years now, and it is a credit to him and to this picture that I still laughed.





If you're going places in the social whirl, we've got security for you. ❦ 100,000 charge accounts! ❦ All yours with a new credit card from Carte Blanche, for women only. ❦ It's called "Hers". ❦ And it gives you instant credit at thousands of fine restaurants, chic shops, smart hotels and motor inns, major airlines, car rental agencies, even service stations. ❦ Over 100,000 charge accounts and only one pretty pink card to carry. ❦ You deserve your very own. ❦ Write now.

IF YOU'RE A PROFESSIONAL OR EXECUTIVE GAL AND YOUR CREDIT'S GOOD, WHY WAIT? PICK UP AN APPLICATION WHEREVER YOU SEE THE CARTE BLANCHE "WELCOME" SIGN, OR WRITE CARTE BLANCHE, DEPT. V, 3460 WILSHIRE BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90005. WRITE NOW.



What a day!

Diane and I picnicked on a secluded island.

The wine was dry, the chicken crisp.*

Broiled with **Pompeian Olive Oil,** of course.

***Diane's barbecued chicken** gets its succulent flavor from a marinade of wine, herbs and Pompeian Olive Oil. It's the virgin lightness of Pompeian that turns this simple dish into a special delicacy. For the complete recipe, and many more, send a quarter to:

Continental Recipe Book—
Pompeian Olive Oil Corp.
P.O. Box 5226-C Baltimore, Md.



POMPEIAN—*the virgin olive oil made only from the first pressing. Naturally light—naturally unsaturated.*

VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK: THEATRE

By Ivan Morris

Flora, the Red Menace,

"green as a dollar bill"

Flora, the Red Menace is a creeping vehicle for a most promising young entertainer, Liza Minnelli. The musical, set in New York during the Depression years, is a good-natured parody of the American Communist movement. Unfortunately this period rich in lore is evoked by mere knock-knock jokes; farce and indifferent lyrics comment on illusions and despair. Though the music is unmemorable, there is a clever lampoon (wittily choreographed by Lee Theodore) of 1935-vintage avant-garde dancing, with a long, thin vine—green as a dollar bill—capitalistically throttling a "tree of life" and then done to death by the "spirit of revolution." This burgeoning episode comes too late: the musical proves to be ineffectual as the movement it describes.

The actors, like the prototypes they caricature, make the best of a dreary situation. Bob Dishy gives an appealing performance as the shy, ambitious party member who tries to overcome his stammer by speaking with pebbles in his mouth and who recruits Flora to the ranks by singing "Sign Here," in which Communism is proclaimed to be an all-kindly Major Bowes show with prizes for everyone. Most conspicuous is Liza Minnelli as Flora, the eager, innocent, and entirely un-menacing young fashion illustrator who succumbs to Mr. Dishy's political and amorous blandishments. By now it must be irksome for Miss Minnelli to hear that she reminds one of her mother. But the generous mouth, the huge eyes, the strong, expressive voice, the direct, eager, highly emotional style all make comparison to Judy Garland inevitable. There are still many rough patches in her acting and singing; but the talent is unmistakable.

Square in the Eye,

"from sharp to flat"

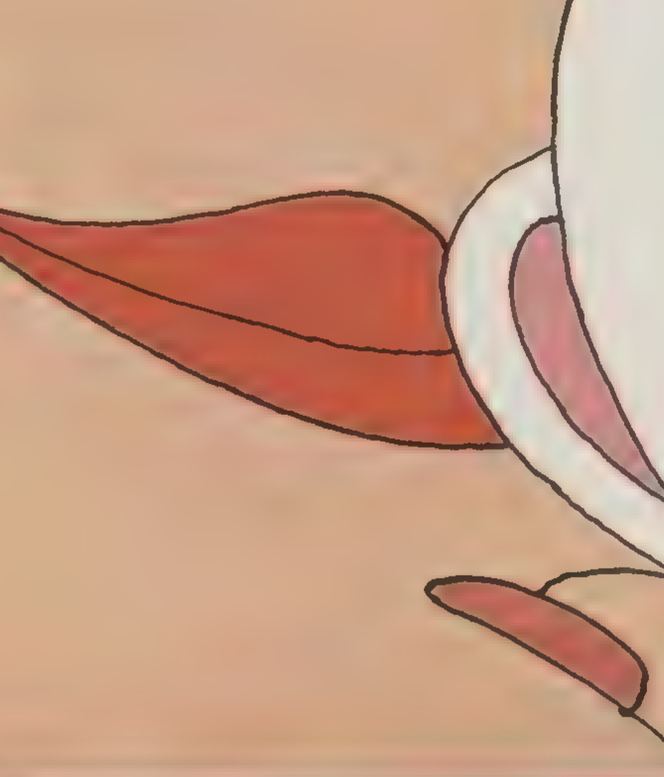
Overwritten, overacted, overproduced, *Square in the Eye* was a disappointing sequel to *The Connection,* Jack Gelber's harrowing study of drug addicts. It has many similarities in style. Both plays are loud, intense, hysterical; the characters handle each other with rudeness and brutality; in both, too, there is an effort to involve the audience by such devices as having a narrator chat with people in the front row. But, whereas *The Connection* was taut and dynamic, *Square in the Eye* belied its name.

The play begins with a fiery encounter between two couples, one recently divorced, the other wishing to be. At the height of the engagement one husband stalks out, presumably because he has exhausted every four-letter word in his vocabulary. The next scene is a hospital, where a bumbling doctor, wittily played by Conrad Bain, informs him in a most casual tone that his wife has just died. Almost instantly Mr. Bain changes into the director of a funeral home who is trying to sell the bewildered husband one of his more opulent coffins. "A funeral fit for a Pharaoh!" he boasts, pointing to a slide of a pyramid that the firm provides for its wealthier customers.

All this made for brisk theatre. Unfortunately the structural flaws became painfully obvious in the second act, which involves a pointless confusion of the normal time sequence and a damaging change of key from sharp to flat. The play ends in a maudlin flashback in which the wife, about to be wheeled away for her fatal operation, begs her husband not to leave. One of the main troubles with brutality in present-day theatre is that it almost always leads to such shy-making moments as this one.

'KiCKY'

COMPACTS BY HAZEL BISHOP



THE BETTER TO SEE YOU WITH, MY DEAR.
A full 5″ mirror lets you see yourself full-face at a glance.
A purry-soft puff fluffs a purry-soft finish on your skin.
7 nature-loving pressed make-ups, shade you lovingly…naturally.
And a choice of 5 fashion-fun compact colors give a fashiony-fun accent to your wardrobe: Think-pink, Shark's-tooth-white, Slow-brown-tortoise, Mellow-yellow, Caribbean-turquoise.
Kicky Compacts by Hazel Bishop. The better to be seen with, my dear.

1.75 plus tax (WHAT A KICK!)



Elizabeth Arden's laughing, lilting, flower-happy fragrance is timeless as a dream of summertime—cooling as breezes off the flower fields of Grasse (where it all began). Wear Blue Grass in gay profusion every day, every way: shower it, powder it, spray it, mist it, spend the summer flower-kissed in it! Blue Grass...blossoming now at fine stores everywhere.

Blue Grass De Luxe Perfume, 8.50 to 50.00. Dusting Powder, 3.00 and 5.00. New Spray, 5.00. Perfume Mist, 6.00. Flower Mist, 3.00 and 5.00. 3 cakes of Bath Soap, 3.50. Bath Oil Essence, 5.00. All plus tax.

Elizabeth Arden

© ELIZABETH ARDEN 1965

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

WHAT'S CURRENT, CATCHING, AND AMUSING IN FASHION—THIS PAGE OF VOGUE WILL HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY ON THE SUBJECT EVERY ISSUE . . . FROM JULY FORTH. . . .

VOGUE NEW YORK . . . TWO TINY DIAMONDS AND A BLACK BIKINI—a glistening body emerging from the ocean . . . diamonds flat as pancakes against suntanned ears. Starting at $2,100 a pair for upwards of two carats. At Tiffany, Harry Winston. BRAIDS OF HAIR mixed to match, while you wait, drip dry, Dynel, $12.95. At S. H. Kress & Co., 444 Fifth Avenue. The boutique there, "Gentille Beauté" (English subtitles spell it out—"Delicate Beauty"), dispenses 32-inch switches quick as a flash. Some find their way to hat-man Adolfo, who twines "hide-and-seek" ribbons, fresh flowers, into the braid. . . .

❋❋❋

TIE A SCARF OVER YOUR BIKINI like a sarong, knotted at one hip . . . like an asymmetric beach shift, under one arm, knotted on the other shoulder. Wanted for this: giant Falconetto cotton squares of wild flowers on wilder grounds. $9. I. Miller Galleria, 57th Street and Fifth Avenue. . . . TIE A SCARF ON YOUR HEAD the way Mrs. John Barry Ryan III does—four or five at a time. Finished effect, small scale, impeccable. Favourite combination: base of four scarfs topped with a patterned Falconetto cotton square. Worn with a Pucci silk shift of a crashingly different print. . . .

❋❋

TWIST YOUR HUSBAND'S TIE around a natural straw hat. Crown shaped like a fat loaf of bread; thin, teacup-saucer brim turned down. $15. Jax, 7 West 57th Street, N. Y. C. . . . TIE A TAPE around your waist. Or just below, on the crest of the hipbone. Quarter-inch wide, five-feet long—kid, lizard, patent leather; made by Ben-King. About $7. Bonwit Teller, Bergdorf Goodman, Saks Fifth Avenue. . . . FOUR BRAIDED STRIPS OF LACQUER-RED KID, crisscrossed over the toes, dotted with small gold nailheads—a mule with a gold spool heel . . . for town, any hour. $13. John Andrew Boutique, 777 Madison Avenue. . . .

❋❋❋

JEWELLERY LIKE STAGE STUFF, loaded with voltage, powerful enough to project to the back of a ballroom. Outsize wrist cuffs. Great Dane-size dog collars. Rings as big as baseballs. Earrings like Eastern stars. All made of black grosgrain, or shiny black vinyl, pavé—slam-bang!—with rhinestone circles, stripes, huge Paisley swirls. At Charles Elkaim's loft, 225 Lafayette Street. YOUR UMBRELLA is the one with your name and address visible—discreetly—in the clear plastic tip of its bamboo handle. Lacquered black bamboo, bright-pink silk umbrella. $15. Uncle Sam, 110 W. 45th St.

❋❋

FLEURS DU SOIR . . . big luscious blooms, melting Monet colours imprimé on silk, cotton . . . Mrs. Montague H. Hackett Jr.'s asymmetric flowers—long, slim, one shoulder bare; giant ruffle-edged stole made of green, white, pink, peony printed cotton from Caldwell Alexander's Boutique, Jobs Lane, Southampton . . . Mrs. Frederick A. Melhado's quilted silk—jade green, magnolia pink—Japanese fabric originally bought for her library walls. . . . BULL'S-EYE SKIMP—short black crêpe with pink-and-blue circles set in smack on the rib cage, under the one long sleeve. The other sleeve? Short. By John Kloss. $100. Henri Bendel. . . .

❋❋❋

UNSERIOUS SUMMER EVENINGS . . . a crocheted shift in honey-shaded velvet chenille; open-airy as a gazebo lattice—knee length, lined in nude illusion net. Great over a flesh-coloured Body Stocking. Hand-crocheted by Constance Montague. $200 at Martha, 775 Fifth Avenue . . . a yoked and baby-sleeved smock that ends as baggy harem pants cuffed in under the knee. Innocent in pink checked gingham, $60. Wicked in black point d'esprit, $100. (Really wicked over a naked Body Stocking.) Serendipity 3, 225 East 60th Street. . . .

❋❋

VOGUE PARIS . . . HOTTEST NEWS FROM ST. TROPEZ is *Viva Maria* influence. Skirts to the ground with flounced hem or over flounced petticoat. In dimity, calico, pastels. Blouses or tops of dresses have high dog-collar necks, tucked fronts, long sleeves. Selling like hotcakes; rivalling pants for evening. Ordered by Comtesse Jean d'Ormesson, Comtesse Charles de Ganay, Mme. Jean-François Malle. . . . Other big fashion is fishnet or crocheted cotton lace in everything from pants to dresses to bikini cover-ups to shirts. . . . Mme. Jean-Claude Abreu, Mme. Edward Goldsmith, Vicomtesse de Gontaut-Biron have all had Siamese evening trousers made by small secret dressmaker. These pants are narrow at ankle, widening to waist with swag between legs holding fullness. In shantung or printed cotton voile, very pretty. . . . Everyone mad for Jourdan crocodile flat, also small-heeled sandals in brilliant colours. Also Courrèges sunglasses. . . . In Paris, Sea & Ski's slit goggles/headband now very *dernier cri*. Re colour: black and white in any combination way out front, followed by acid apple green and yolk yellow. Linen and printed piqué: Fords for town and for evening. Scarfs and scarf hats Out. Boaters, Matador shapes in shiny glazed straw are In. Blue Greek beads looped on donkeys to ward off evil eye, called *comboloyi*, all the rage for necklaces here. . . .

Gilt to the hilt



Hudson

gold-getters

at fine fashion stores everywhere.

Hudson Hosiery Co., Inc., 200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

Shoes by Herbert Levine

VOGUE'S EYE VIEW OF TURQUERIE—IT'S A FACT



GUY BOURDIN

It covers the foot like the supplest gold kid slip . . . brilliants flash from its small courtly heel . . . and a great glittery, golden pompon shimmers airily over the very slightly retroussé toe. This is Roger Vivier's charming seraglio-fantaisie. And it's a smash. Wanted by everyone. Orders pouring in like mad—Mrs. Loel Guinness (gold, silver; plus a handful of colours) . . . Marlene Dietrich . . . Princess Ira de Fürstenberg . . . Elizabeth Taylor . . . Carroll Baker . . . Princess Charles d'Arenberg.

Obvious isn't it? Turquerie is here . . . fantaisie of the foot is here. Fact is—like this Vivier slipper; like this jewelled foot; like the Turkish delights on pages 84 to 93—the fashion is here. Now. The prettiest thing in the world. (The toe ring, ankle-bracelet, bronze dragon, cushions: all from La Malle d'Inde.)





THE E.M.K.'S

Moving with full Kennedy energy, the thirty-three-year-old Junior Senator from Massachusetts and his sun-blond wife, Joan, make their impact on Washington, D.C. Discipline, zest, and courage have brought Ted Kennedy, within one year, from a plane crash and eight months in a Boston hospital to the Senate floor and nationwide recognition. Joan Kennedy does not have the privilege of the floor (Rule 33), but beyond its august limits she covers, with ease, a great deal of ground —and underground: *above,* in the subterranean Senate shuttle, and *left,* playing with her children beside the privet hedgerow of the Kennedys' Georgetown garden. With a fetching wrinkle of her pretty nose, she has eagerly taken on the helter-skelter obligations of a Senator's wife—evening receptions and morning charities, instant trips and impromptu speeches, letters thick and fast, guest lists and menus. All with a touch that makes no distinction between duty and delight.

SENATOR AND MRS. EDWARD MOORE KENNEDY— KINETIC IMPACT ON WASHINGTON, D.C.

BRUCE DAVIDSON

Joan Kennedy's sunlight looks streaking across the courts, above—quick with the same yearling grace she displays swimming or skiing.

Visiting a Joseph P. Kennedy Child Study Center, above right—the most compelling of Mrs. Kennedy's several charities.

Calling on the Senator, below right—faced by work in progress and backed by Kennedy memorabilia in office #432.

BRUCE DAVIDSON



Joan Kennedy, opposite, lends an intent ear to her husband—
be it in the Senate Gallery or, here, at home
in their Georgetown house after a small dinner.
Three-year-old Edward, above—upcoming generation
coming down whee! and, like a Kennedy, landing on his feet.

BRUCE DAVIDSON

THE E.M.K.S

The Kennedys' hour: above, in the garden with their mother, five-year-old Kara and little Ted pause briefly before the dinner guests arrive. Senator and Mrs. Kennedy, right, look over the Hill and far away—to a future rising bright from a bright present.

BRUCE DAVIDSON



The smallest fur dress

INSIDE TIPS

Ready for viewing now: the fashion future and the sure things in it—day and evening looks on a straight success course....Target date: autumn. ***Smallest fur dress,*** left, in the whitest white mink...with little white kid gloves, white kid boots —the great going proportion carried to its most luxurious degree for evening. Dress by Ritter Bros. of natural white Saga mink from Scandinavia. At Nan Duskin; Bullock's-Wilshire; Holt Renfrew of Canada. Marvella earrings. Van Raalte gloves. Golo boots. The narrow, pulled-up coiffure, by Kenneth. ***Persian bonnet,*** right, in frosty grey—most romantic opening possible for a new rush of lamb into fashion. Expect broadtail...astrakhan... every tonality—chamois, buff, snuff, stone, fawn. Adolfo's adorable forerunner, with muffler ties: Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Neiman-Marcus.

The Persian bonnet

Inside tips: small jacket, big skirt

The dirndl suit arrives left, in smooth, creamy worsted... fresh slant to the small sharp jacket; skirt full of ripples and bounce—a motion favoured by more and more skirts now. By Zelinka-Matlick, of Anglo fabric; about $125. Emily Wetherby scarf. Both: Bonwit Teller. Suit: Wanamaker's, Phila.; Neusteters; Sakowitz. Grandoe gloves.

Smallest jacket to crop up on a dirndl skirt: double-breasted black tweed, like an officer's coat in miniature—high snappy collar; high armholes on long narrow sleeves. Originala suit; Anglo wool. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Hutzler's; I. Magnin. Cadoro bracelets. Kislav gloves.

Inside tips: the guardsman's coat

Shaped and skirted, right, the guardsman's coat, double-breasted in fawn-coloured Melton cloth...a tiny martingale holds a panache of pleats in back; buttoned pocket flaps catch the lateral action—all of it, clean, swift, swinging; definitely on for autumn. Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Ben-King bracelets. ***Belted and pleated,*** far right, a double-breasted guardsman's coat cutting a wide-skirted dash in pale-blue Melton cloth. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; L.S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Castlecliff earrings. Both pages: Originala guardsman's coats of Anglo double-faced wool; Viola Weinberger gloves.

PENN

Inside tips: for evening—
asymmetric blouse,
tweed dirndl suit

PENN

The big-skirted coat—black brocade for evening



Bared shoulder, big skirt, left: ribbed white silk sparkling pale-grey tweeds...count on dirndl suits lighting up this way often at six—a natural for the small, easy evening-life.... By Marquise; Lesur wool. Cascade of brilliants: Jack Gilbert. Both: Bergdorf Goodman. Suit: Hudson's; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. Crescendoe-Superb gloves.

Swinging black brocade, right: close double-breasted bodice glossed over a great swing of rolling silk pleats—the coat to have for a short, white, one-shoulder dirndl dress. By Cooper-Couture; about $250. At Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Fabiola necklaces. Marcel Wagner gloves. Coiffures and hairpieces: Alfredo of Via Veneto.

THE STRAPPED SLIPPER



These are the shoes that matter now—wonderful little slipper-shapes flashing the message of straps that tie, buckle, button, giving the foot a charming young lightness and dash. On these pages, to zing up all hours of the days ahead, are three of the prettiest and newest strapped slippers, with added interest in what they're made of —one is zebra-skin, two are Corfam. Zebra-stripes, strapped, left—a walking sandal, black-and-white zebra; the roundest toe, a wide strap buckled over the instep. From The Whip; at I. Miller Galleria. The dancing-practice look, lower right, in a flat glossy slipper, its stringy strap tied high, the toe sloped down like the nose of a Volkswagen. By Roger Vivier, of prune-brown Corfam; at Saks Fifth Avenue. Buttoned ankle-straps, upper right, circling over sling-back shoes with very flat, oval toes, little heels. By Roger Vivier, of light-brown Corfam; at Saks Fifth Avenue.

LEOMBRUNO-BODI

GUY BOURDIN



THE
SMALL DRESS
...NOW, IT'S
BLACK WOOL

Small dresses, limber and bulkless as the firm tanned bodies they slip over, looking even smaller and more exciting here because they're black, because they're wool—a thin pliant weight that looks and feels right for small evenings...from this evening on. **Straight to the top,** opposite, a shift of fine-grained black wool crêpe with short straps, a low belt at the back, a penchant for white pearls. By Dominic for Matty Talmack; about $185. Jack Gilbert necklace, pin. All: Bonwit Teller. Dress: Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Handful of rings: Robert Originals. **A floating tunic of bias,** left—from a low V, it falls toga-like just short of a narrow dress beneath. By Trigère, of thin black wool crêpe. Viola Weinberger gloves. All: Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Halle Bros.; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Nacreated pearl necklace by Star of Siam: Henri Bendel. Schreiner earrings. All hats and scarfs, these ten pages: Mr. John.

PENN



SMALL BLACK WOOLS



Black asymmetry, far left, an excellent two-piece shape, held in cool wool. Dirndl skirt; small, tied one-shoulder top pointed off with a pearly tassel. By Teal Traina, of Or de Laine wool; about $145. Saks Fifth Avenue; Sakowitz. Richelieu pin.

Like folds in a frieze, left, fluted panels that flow over a narrow sheath, curving close under a black rhinestoned belt. By Trigère, of lightest black wool crêpe. At Bonwit Teller; Julius Garfinckel.

Barely fitted, truly short, right, this marvelous skimp of thin black wool with an asymmetric closing cut high to the collarbone, sparkling buttons. By Geoffrey Beene, of Meyer fabric; about $125 at Lord & Taylor; Gus Mayer; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Both pages: Hansen gloves, at Bloomingdale's; Charles Elkaim earrings.

Small peplum, placed high, left—a two-piece dress of lean black wool with a close curved neckline, a satin sash wrapped over a short peplum and dirndl skirt. Smashes with it: the rush of fake pearls pinned at one side, the flounced lace head scarf, dazzle of rings. Dress by Teal Traina, of Bellaine fabric; about $145. Rings by Robert Originals. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, at Rich's; Gidding-Jenny; Godchaux's. Mimi di N pin. **Soft sly curves** of black wool, right, in a beautiful flow of gathers, held like a chiton to a small waist; tiny shoulder straps. By Trigère. At Lord & Taylor; Hutzler's; Martha Weathered; L. S. Ayres. Hattie Carnegie necklace. Shalimar gloves.

SMALL BLACK WOOLS



PENN

61

SMALL BLACK WOOLS



The beautiful slant, left, here with a deeply folded edge that frames one bare shoulder, finishes with a row of tiny buttons. From this streams a small marvellous dress—narrowly shaped, seductively softened. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, of black wool crêpe (Lafitte fabric); about $190. Jack Gilbert pin. Schreiner earrings. All, at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress, also at Halle Bros.; Gidding-Jenny; Frost Bros. **A little skimp of top,** right, a little jut of skirt, with a satin sash slung low—making a smashing small-dress for black wool evenings now. By Adele Simpson, of Meyer fabric; about $125. Mimi di N pin. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue. Dress: Hutzler's; Rich's; Dayton's. Joseph Warner earrings. Both pages: Kislav gloves.

PENN



VOGUE PATTERNS

SMALL BLACK WOOLS



Small black scarf dress, left: gossamer wool—lean and firm—tossed like a magnified scarf across a narrow little underdress, caught at the shoulder with a tassel of pearls. Vogue Pattern 1333; designed by Jacques Heim. The bogus pearl pin by Richelieu. **Black wool on the bias,** right, gathering all the charms of the small-bodied dinner dress in the clean-carved neckline, small high bosom, soft flounce ruffling over the knee. Vogue Pattern 6343. Necklace by Hattie Carnegie. Grandoe gloves: Altman's. Both dresses of Stevens Forstmann fabric. Altman's; Woodward & Lothrop; Frederick & Nelson. Other stores, sizes, yardages, page 22.

VOGUE PATTERN 6343

HENRI CARTIER-BRISSON



JEAN-PAUL SARTRE, WHO REFUSED THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE, IS THE MOST FAMOUS OF FRANCE'S INTELLECTUALS. (HIS TWO LATEST BOOKS ARE "THE WORDS" AND "SITUATIONS.") FOR ABOUT THIRTY YEARS THIS PHILOSOPHER, CRITIC, PLAYWRIGHT, AND NOVELIST HAS BEEN A FASCINATED FRIEND OF SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR.

SARTRE

AN INTERVIEW WITH MADELEINE GOBEIL

BEA

GOBEIL: Simone de Beauvoir has spoken about you at great length in her memoirs, but you, on the other hand, have written nothing about her. It's rather surprising.

SARTRE: It's true that I've never written anything about Castor. [Simone de Beauvoir is known to her friends as Castor, the French word for beaver.] The fact is that I've never had occasion to. I began my autobiography with *The Words,* but I don't even know whether I'll continue. I leave off at the age of ten.

When I was ten, I didn't know Castor. Besides, she was a very little girl at the time. But if she has involved me so completely in the three volumes of her memoirs, if she has, in a way, told about my life and my relationship with her, that means I'm completely in agreement with what she said about me and about our relationship. I read her books several times and made suggestions, but I never commented on what she said about me. This ought to be regarded as an absolute proof. Not only is she the person who knows me best, but I think that everything she says about the mutual importance of our relationship is quite true. The fact is, as she says, that for almost thirty years we've never gone to bed at odds with each other. I'm wrong—we once did, but I think it was for a silly reason.

We do get angry with each other, as you can imagine, but only over questions of a philosophical nature and, in general, questions that are badly formulated. As she has said—though I noticed it before she did—when we're both asked a question at the same time, we usually give the same answer. It's really quite curious. We have such a large stock of common memories that ultimately we react to a situation in the same way—I mean with the same words, words that are conditioned by the same experiences. People who live together share lots of experiences, and they eventually come to have a common memory.

GOBEIL: What do you think of Simone de Beauvoir as a woman?

SARTRE: I think she's beautiful. I've always thought her beautiful, even though she was wearing a hideous little hat when I first met her. I was dead set on making her acquaintance because she was beautiful, because she had, and still has, the kind of face that appeals to me. The wonderful thing about Simone de Beauvoir is that she has a man's intelligence—you can see from the way I'm talking that I'm still a bit feudal—and a woman's sensitivity. That is, I've found in her everything I could possibly want. And we've never really quarrelled, except about silly things. For example, in 1939 we quarrelled in Naples about whether or not the Neapolitans should be obliged to live in the houses that were being built for them. The argument ended with my saying to her, "You're a fascist!" and with her answering, "And you, you'll never amount to anything! Never, never, never."

GOBEIL: Would you have been different if you hadn't known her?

SARTRE: It's very hard to tell what you owe someone. In a way, I owe her everything. On the other hand, I would obviously have written even if she hadn't existed, since I wanted to write. But why is it that my complete confidence in her has always given me complete security, a security which I couldn't have had if I'd been alone, unless I were puffed with pride, as many writers are and which I am not, though I may be in other areas? When I show her a manuscript, as I always do, and when she criticizes it, I get angry at first and call her all kinds of names. Then, I accept her comments, always. Not as a matter of discipline, but because I see that they're always pertinent. They're not made from the outside, but with an absolute understanding of what I want to do and, at the same time, with an objectivity that I can't quite have.

She's in perfect agreement with what I say, even though she may think that it ought not to be said at that particular time. She trusts my judgment, since I want to write that particular thing. And since I want to write it, she's completely involved in it too. She's very severe, and so am I. After reading the first version of *The Respectful Prostitute,* she exclaimed: "Oh, it's disgusting! I now see all your tricks. It hasn't a leg to stand on."

I revised the play within twenty-four hours, and she finally said it was very good. Once she

gives me, as it were, the "imprimatur," I have complete confidence in her. Other people's criticism has never made me change my mind about what I've written. To some extent, it can be said that I write for her, or, to put it more accurately, I write so that she can filter what I've set down. I then feel that it's fit for the public. You know, that's a very rare feeling. A man like Camus wrote in a state of doubt. That's natural, and it's even a virtue which I recognize he had.

Montherlant doesn't write in a state of doubt. Remember what Costals says, at a certain point, in *Les Jeunes Filles*, "Costals wrote three pages and what he wrote was good." It's absolutely impossible for a writer to think that all by himself. The only thing he can say is: "I can't do any better at the moment." Consequently, Camus's doubts, his anxiety, his stubbornness about certain matters are things which I find quite honourable in a writer. It's even the writer's condition. But, thanks to Castor, it's a condition that's alien to me. I never have doubts. I merely wonder what she's going to think about what I've written, but I don't feel anxious. If she thinks it's bad, I rewrite it, and that's that. The only time I have doubts is when I write something and she's not there.

GOBEIL: But her sensibility seems to be very different from yours. She seems to have a deeper love of life.

SARTRE: She calls me a "whited sepulchre" because she really does enjoy life much more than I. I follow her, but I get a bit winded. It is only on one subject that she leaves me flat and that is politics. She doesn't give a damn about it. It's not that she actually doesn't give a damn about it, but she doesn't want to get involved in the political rat race.

GOBEIL: What do you think about Simone de Beauvoir as a writer?

SARTRE: I don't pay compliments and I say things simply. She seems to me a very good writer. She has achieved something which has manifested itself particularly since *The Mandarins*. It's apparent in the memoirs and in her book *A Very Peaceful Death*, which I consider the best thing she's written. What she has achieved is immediate communication with the public. Let's put it this way: there's a difference between her and me. I don't communicate emotionally, I communicate with people who think, who reflect, who are free in relation to me. That may or may not be a good thing. But Simone de Beauvoir communicates emotionally at once. People are always involved with her by virtue of what she says. She has a way of challenging the other person immediately, but as a friend. She never acts as if she were superior to the reader. Her way of speaking about herself is a way of speaking about others. She has a way of both accepting and criticizing herself that enables the reader to recognize himself. She's neither too severe nor too indulgent. As for me, I don't talk about myself in such a balanced way. I'm either too complacent or too severe. She has the right relationship with herself. That's what's meant by seeing oneself in perspective. It's not only a matter of literature, it's a matter of life.

If she sees things in perspective in literature, it's because she really sees them that way in life. She's a person who—how shall I put it?—who doesn't think about herself. She doesn't think about herself spontaneously. She thinks about what confronts her. It can be the desert, in which case she'll feel the desert. It can be a person, in which case she'll be concerned with the person's problems. Castor is a person whose spontaneity is, I think, untainted with alienation, the desire to appear, or to preserve, to keep. In short, her spontaneity goes out to the person because she herself is free.

When she raises questions about herself, it's not because she's narcissistic, but because she has a sensibility that's surprised to have an ego and that says to itself: "Indeed, I'm subjective, I too exist, what does that mean?" Her memoirs, on which she's been working for seven years, are, to some extent, a way of retrieving a sensibility that reaches out to the other person, without any detour and without any secrecy. I assure you, the soundest kind of sensibility. . . .

TRANSLATED BY BERNARD FRECHTMAN

TALKS OF JEAN-PAUL SARTRE AND SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR



SIMONE DE BEAUVOIR, THE LEADING FEMININE FRENCH INTELLECTUAL, DEVOTES PART OF HER NEW BOOK, "FORCE OF CIRCUMSTANCE"—A POWERFUL, GARRULOUS AUTOBIOGRAPHY—TO HER LIFE WITH SARTRE. NOVELIST AND ESSAYIST, SHE WROTE IN THIS BOOK: "IN FRANCE, IF YOU ARE A WRITER, TO BE A WOMAN IS SIMPLY TO PROVIDE A STICK TO BE BEATEN WITH."

Daliah Lavi...

in a splash of brilliants...a spring of green

Making quite a splash... Daliah Lavi, the blazingly beautiful young Israeli actress who plays The Girl in *Lord Jim*. Here, Miss Lavi demonstrates two notably cool ways to look like a love in a warm climate—more, on the following pages....Rising from the sea foam, *above*, Daliah Lavi dripping, capless, drenched in icy brilliants—spheres and sunbursts, some scrolled in pink abstract designs. Necklace by Fabiola. *Opposite:* For summer evenings at home, this ravishing freshness—a voluminous peignoir of lettuce-green dotted Swiss, crisp and airy...springing clear to the floor like a cool green waterfall. By Perfect, in rayon dotted Swiss; silk organza lining. About $65. Apex Art earrings. Both, Bergdorf Goodman. Peignoir, also Julius Garfinckel; Bullock's-Wilshire. Coiffures, these seven pages, by Marc Sinclaire of Marcel. Photographed on a palmy curve of beach near Ocho Rios, Jamaica.

BERT STERN



Daliah Lavi... in Gauguin flowers, seraglio white

Daliah Lavi is tall, slender, golden-skinned, with the strong glowing beauty of the Polynesian girls Gauguin painted, and the firm, supple body of a dancer—in her teens, she studied ballet seriously for several years. Here, on a blue-and-gold beach in Jamaica, Miss Lavi wears two flowing, romantic nightdresses . . . idyllic ways to look on summer nights. *A storm of flowers*, this page, in blurred, bright Gauguin colours, on a nightdress of softest jersey flowing from a cowl neck in front, a deep yoke in back. By Perfect, in Caprolan nylon. About $50. This, at Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; I. Magnin. *A billow of white*, opposite—enchanting harem nightdress of pure-white crêpe, shirred across the neck, looped between the ankles, floating free everywhere else. . . . By Sylvia Pedlar of Iris. Crêpe of silk, nylon, Dacron. About $25. At Lord & Taylor; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.

BERT STERN



At-home allure of a geometric stripe: Daliah Lavi wears a giddy go-round of ombréed silk in random widths of black and white. Slim, straight, sinuous shift and a fling of chiffon stole over the head...marvellous way to look for al-fresco summer dinners. By Marucelli.

Daliah Lavi...
in a geometry
of stripes,
a dance of linen
and print



At-home charm, zest...and Mysterious East allure... Daliah Lavi wears a Number-One-houseboy jacket of heavy white Moygashel linen—narrow sleeves, tiny armholes, gilt buttons. Trousers ad-libbed from a length of purple-printed India coverlet cotton. Rudi Gernreich jacket, about $125. At Henri Bendel.

BERT STERN



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

NUREYEV

The greatest male ballet dancer in the world arrived at the photographer's studio carrying an enormous carry-all, his suits in a clothes bag, and a hot hamburger. After he brushed his long brown hair, touched with gold, he sprayed it, and sat down to finish his three-thirty lunch. Someone asked Rudolf Nureyev if he had learned his English in London. "Oh gosh, no," he said. "Couldn't defect without it. Couldn't take the risk." Through the risk he took four years ago, Nureyev has become a world sensation, dancing with the Royal Ballet, a partner of Margot Fonteyn. (They are now on tour in this country.) Imperious, extravagant, he deliberately acts out the boy prince; lives in an expensive London apartment, has a $10,000 Mercedes-Benz, a $100,000 villa in Monaco where he cooks steaks and chops in the fireplace. He takes pleasure in his clothes, presses them himself, buys in sprees, wears his English jackets, turtlenecked sweaters, his black London chauffeur's cap with a natural elegance. At the studio he laughed a lot, smiled quickly, gave suspicious glances, and had a compact violence, all contained. When he put his hands in the pockets of his tight black trousers, he said: "I need God's help." He wore what he wanted: high-throated black polished boots, a Chinese-blue shirt with deep cuffs showing, a grey jacket with a bright red lining. He stuck his hand inside and said: "Napoleon?" He shook his hair which had the movement of maribou. He looked fearless, insolent, and marvellous. On stage Nureyev burns with a genius flame. Offstage, he turns the burners low, except at discothèques where he turns the burners high.

Note: He spells his name the French way—Noureev.

PENN





THE VIEW FROM A TALL GLASS OASIS:

THE SUBLIMINAL PLEASURES OF HILTON HOTELS

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW

THE SPECTACLE. One silent noon I was pacing the lobby of the Cavalieri Hilton in Rome—a vast piazza of a lobby with avenues of shops and restaurants leading out from it, a convenient place to exercise before lunch.

As I passed the great glassed entranceway, I peered out into the garden. A bus was coming up the driveway, but not the usual hotel bus . . . another, grander one. I stood still. The bus swung around, stopped, opened its door, and out got—you must believe me—a busload of cardinals. In they came through the revolving door, all gold chains and white lace and scarlet robes fluttering in the wind. It was a pride, a glitter, no, an armada of cardinals. I stepped back and felt the breeze as they passed.

They crowded over to the desk to pick up the princely keys and the princely telephone messages, and then, turning, passed me again on the way to the elevators. They packed themselves into the four elevators, whose doors closed miraculously as one, and they ascended—toward heaven, or at any rate the sixth floor.

The rest of the day, understandably, was an anticlimax. I spent it prosaically looking at the Sistine ceiling, then having my hair cut. At twilight I went up to the hotel roof to have a drink and watch the lights come on all over Rome.

If you make a tour of the overseas Hiltons, as I did, from London to Honolulu, you can't expect daily to run into a like ecumenical splendour. But you will always find something. At the Nile Hilton in Cairo, for instance, I encountered thirty-seven kings, presidents, and prime ministers, complete with wives, eunuchs, cooks, bodyguards, flags, uniforms, and protocol. From the roof of *that* hotel, if you could tear your eyes away from the sun setting over the pyramids, you found yourself staring into the face of the Shah of Iran, at least.

In Hong Kong there was a rain of handsome young girls and boys—teams on their way home from Tokyo—who lay sunning their Olympic bodies on the terraces and around the pool, chattering in half a dozen languages of the bargains they had found.

In Athens there was a convention of baby doctors from all over the Middle East, come to hear the latest baby talk and taste the latest baby foods. But in Athens, also, at a table on the roof was Melina Mercouri, having a cigarette, laughing with friends, and spreading her splendour—which, too, is ecumenical—over the entire room.

THE CONCEPT. One night in Hong Kong while I was staring down at the most glorious of harbours, it occurred to me that these far-flung Hiltons had established an entirely new concept of the "grand hotel." The old grand hotels—and they remain grand—such as Claridge's, the Ritz, the Excelsior, the Grande Bretagne, Raffles, and the Imperial, are all downtown hotels. They are flush with the street, the traffic, and the noise; they don't always have gardens and they don't have views. They have their excellences in charm and luxury and tradition, and God knows I love them, but they don't have views.

These Hiltons do. Wherever possible they are set a little apart from the city and on a rise. In Istanbul or Teheran, in Rome or Hong Kong or Athens or Tokyo you can have from your room a panorama of the entire city. In the flat towns, like London and Cairo and Amsterdam, the buildings are so high that the same effect is achieved. I never really saw London until I looked out of my eighteenth-storey windows, and in Istanbul, the sweep of the Bosporus with Asia beyond is one of the most pleasing sights in the world.

About Istanbul: In Paris, before I reached Turkey, I had seen *Topkapi,* so one morning Nazif Bey took me to see the real right emerald dagger. Nazif Bey—there is a name to remember. He is assistant to the Hilton's elegant Georges Desbaillet, and he is an erudite wit. Impose upon him. He showed me not only the dagger, but everything else in Istanbul. What's more, one night he introduced me to Miss Gul Pinar, a dancer who was appearing at the supper club, a lovely girl who wore long hair and a certain number of beads, and who can shake as no human being I have ever seen can shake. (Travelling around the world doesn't have to be *all* (Continued on page 126)

The preparation of a makeup: view from within

Terry-cloth robe. Head wrapped in towelling. This, obviously, is the ideal way to clear the way for makeup. But there's another way, too, it develops. Elizabeth Arden's remarkable visagiste, Pablo, pointed it out on the day he did the makeup for this photograph (a makeup strong on apricot, orange, lemon, and wild pinks, you'll notice, because the colours that bloom in the sun look well in the sun). Seems that no matter what age or condition of face he's working on, Pablo never does a makeup without this first step: a wash with a lemon-scented clear lotion called Velva Smooth. Technically an astringent with other properties, it leaves the skin clear, refreshed, young to the touch—pores seem finer, makeup "takes" better, lasts longer for it. Could you say, we wondered, that it acts as an anti-perspirant for the face? "It seems very much to," was the length Pablo went with that one. Considering the experienced source from which the news was gathered, it struck us as something to relay immediately. . . . Other Elizabeth Arden information: the lipstick is Silver Jonquil; the eye-bone makeup is Sun Gold. . . . Terry-cloth robe and towel in fabric by Boussac, at Serendipity 3. Castlecliff bracelets.



turquerie

FOR LEGS AND FEET: THE BLAZE AND LURE OF SERAGLIO COLOURS.... SHIMMERING GOLD, SILVER....SLIPPERS LIKE SCIMITARS.... HAREM SANDALS, BARE, JEWELLED....ALL, PHOTOGRAPHED IN TURKEY BY ART KANE.

Gold lamé babouche, opposite: curving toe, anvil-shaped gilt heel, a Caliph's ransom of coloured stones... over a bright-gold stocking. Cobra sandal, above, with ruby-red eyes, crimson sole... gilded and coiled around a leopard-spotted leg.

Babouche by Capezio, in lamé, to order. Gold-coloured nylon stockings by Charles of the Ritz, at Altman's; Frost Bros., Joseph Magnin. Sandal by Bernardo, in cobra skin by Fleming-Joffe, to order at Lord & Taylor, Neiman-Marcus, I. Magnin. Leopard-printed nylon stockings by Phoenix. At Bloomingdale's.



TURQUERIE.... FOR LEGS AND FEET

Vine of glittering flowers, left, and
turquoise stones, appliquéd on golden tights....
Retroussé sandal in jade-green Indian silk
with arabesques of coloured stones.
Little gold jongleur's boots, below, with
lilac pompons, turned-up lilac toes....
Long black tights, flowered in bright blue.

Opposite: Hudson tights of stretch nylon lamé, at I. Miller; Jordan Marsh, Boston. Jade-green sandals, by and at I. Miller. Also, Harzfeld's; Battelstein's.
This page: Evins boots of gold stretch fabric; at I. Miller; I. Magnin.
Bonnie Doon tights of stretch nylon; at Bonwit Teller; Famous-Barr; Joseph Magnin.



TURQUERIE....FOR LEGS AND FEET

Rose-red tights, clocked in gold, left:
worn, on the wilder shores, with a long
caftan, gleaming with gold and silver braid....
Gold and silver mules, curving toes—on
each, a glittering rhinestone.
Gold harem tights, opposite, of crinkly
peach-and-gold brocade; snug triple cuff, like
an ankle bracelet.... Chopine sandals
fringed with tiny gilt beads; one huge gilt
bead over the toe, two rows ringing the ankle.

Caftan by Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, in Wm. Rose silk; available late July at Saks Fifth Avenue. Hanes seamless red stretch tights of Cantrece nylon. Gold kidskin mule, by and at Andrew Geller, New York, Chicago; also at Neiman-Marcus. Beautiful Bryans gold stretch brocade tights of rayon, nylon, and Lurex threads (Kandelaft fabric); to order at Bonwit Teller. Chopines by Bernardo; to order at Lord & Taylor; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's

ART KANE



TURQUERIE — FOR LEGS AND FEET

Thonged sandal, this page, light as a breeze from the Bosporus. Silver straps, and soles hand-painted with delicate blue leaves and flowers.... Bright-blue tights, silver clocks. Tall Turkish chopines, opposite, on wooden stilts of black and beige; bright-blue kidskin straps.... Patterned leotard in blue, black, red, gold.... The shoemaker's open-air shop is in a small village near Izmir.

Blue-and-silver kidskin sandal by Julianelli, at Lord & Taylor. Famous-Barr. Harzfeld's. Hanes seamless stretch tights of Contrece nylon. Tall chopine by Evins, at I. Miller, I. Magnin. Patterned Bon-Ton leotard by Bewarching of Du Pont nylon (S. Edwards fabric), at Altman's.

ART KANE





TURQUERIE . . . FOR LEGS AND FEET

White and gold slippers, opposite, curved up at the toes,
in satin edged with gold braid sprinkled with golden stones
Shimmering white tights, patterned with Mauresque tracery.
Turkish sword-dancer's sock, below, an exact replica—
beige wool with red handwork, red pompon. . . . Turquerie boot
of bright-red suède, a red pompon on the curly toe. . . .
The setting here: Roman ruins at Ephesus.
Turkish details, the way to go, page 18.

White satin shoe; Solar tights of Du Pont nylon; both at Saks Fifth Avenue.
Adler [illegible] wool, Fiene Bende). Garterbelt, to order, at Fiene Bende.

ART KANE


DALE WHITNEY



WHO THROW

Spy novels, hot as Lugers these days, are hottest in the hands of two Englishmen, John Le Carré, *far left,* and Len Deighton, *this page.* They take a chilled, chilly look at espionage, insist it isn't all jolly fun, and thus make money. John Le Carré—cover name for David John Moore Cornwell, an intense, tall, reserved man of thirty-three—leads the spy-guy pack. Good-looking, interested, pleasing, he has an attractive wife, three sons, and is altogether more glamorous than his heroes: George Smiley, who appears in all four Le Carré novels, "looks like a frog, dresses like a bookie. . . ." Yet Le Carré's deadpan, remorselessly believable stories have an epoxy pull on spy-story readers who usually prefer simple suspension of belief. *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* has sold four million copies, clung to the American best-seller list for fifty-six weeks, and will, this year, be a movie with Richard Burton and Claire Bloom. The statistics glitter more than the book, which in turn is less glum than Le Carré's new novel, *The Looking Glass War,* to be published this month, already wreathed in fiscal glitter. Although, in the earlier books, good guys could hardly be distinguished from bad guys, the virtue of the secret service for which they worked hung unsmirched. In *The Looking Glass War* the last grail shatters. "The companionship of dedicated men, formerly so moving, is now [in the sixties] suspect," Le Carré wrote. No heroes, no triumph. Just fallibilities, defeat. The thinking man's spies. A thoughtful man, Le Carré-Cornwell knows his subject. He served in the British Intelligence Corps, the Foreign Service, and in 1963 was Her Majesty's Consul in Hamburg. He means business. So far, business has been good.

COLD WATER

Len Deighton, a nervy young man with salted black hair who looks like a bookkeeper until he warms up when he mutates into Cary Grant, got off to a slower start in the spy race than Le Carré. *Funeral in Berlin,* a best seller in the United States for some months, was bought for the movies by the producers of those James Bond flicks; the next Deighton book, *The Billion Dollar Brain,* has won the publication date reserved for Ian Fleming. Auspicious signs. Photographed here in front of a New York house that may turn up in this new book, Len Deighton said, "I'm not built for being sinister." More flip than Le Carré and slightly wilder-eyed, Deighton shares with him a cause: he writes spy novels because he is anti-jingo. His hero, grubby, plump, scared, a little lech, has no name. Len Deighton reads other novelists for technique ("Le Carré is the Somerset Maugham of spy writers," he said) and "stays just one jump ahead of readers." Once a commercial artist, once a resident of New York, and still author of a cartoon cooking strip in the London *Observer,* he rides success like a skateboard. His first novel, *The Ipcress File,* a blaze in England, bombed out here; the film of it was a hit in London. The second novel, *Horse Under Water,* fizzled in England, but may be a movie here. In these swoops of fortune Len Deighton has remained wary, humorous, carefully unimpressed. Like John Le Carré he knows that throwing cold water on hot spies makes s-s-steam.

ON HOT SPIES

John Le Carré, Len Deighton

NIKI EKSTROM



BEAUTY REGISTER

THIRD IN A SERIES OF BEAUTY BIOGRAPHIES... SIX CASE HISTORIES FROM VOGUE'S PRIVATE FILES...

Six picked at random from Vogue's private stock of beauty biographies. . . . The beauties herein have little in common in their cosmetic procedures but this in common in their life stories: each lives in a country other than the one in which she was born. There is St. Louis to London. Biarritz to Madrid. London to New York. Pearl River, New York, to the ancient village of Trujillo in the province of Estremadura in Spain. Australia to Park Avenue. Paris to Gracie Square. . . . Could there be a message in these changes of address? Perhaps this. That as people relish more of the world's reaches, woman learns more about universal beauty, about its comfortable maintenance and repair under even the most whirling circumstances. . . . Or could it be that moving about charges beauty with excitement? . . . The latter, in all probability.

DE CICCO, MARIE-PIERRE COLLE

In early twenties. Mrs. Pasquale De Cicco since December, 1963. Born in Biarritz of Mexican mother, French father. Lives in Madrid in big house with big garden but gives equal time to Paris, Biarritz, and this continent—New York, Mexico, Nassau. Active sportswoman, fascinated student—right now of pre-Columbian archaeology, young Spanish painting.

"There is something of a beautiful wild horse in her looks," an admiring observer recently observed of Mrs. De Cicco. The commentator referred to the dramatic large head. The intense, grey-green eyes, the emphatic black lashes, the arrow-straight eyebrows. The dark thick mane of hair. She lets the latter grow until "it drives me mad," then has it cut, an event which takes place circa once a year. Usually wears it long, centre-parted, falling straight down, held back by a headband during the day ("preferably cotton because that doesn't slip"); in the evening it goes up in French twist; once a week it goes to the hairdresser. In Madrid, that's the Elizabeth Arden salon; in New York, it's Miss Duval at Kenneth; in Paris, Guillaume; in Mexico, Mrs. De Cicco is her own hairdresser. . . . Like many natural beauties with strong features, she breezes through her makeup and skin care program. In the morning, washes her face with "any old soap" (when we spoke to her, the soap in stock was a hand-made variety from a Detroit museum). Brushes a clear pomade on her mouth, no lipstick. Sometimes applies powder, but only on the nose; one compact of pressed powder has lasted two years. . . . In the evening, uses a bit of blue-grey eye shadow, outlines eyes with a black pencil, wets eyebrows a little, nothing else. . . . Tends to buy all her makeup and skin care merchandise from one maker—"easier—can get them all at once." Skin-care equipment: a white liquid cleanser, an anti-irritant nourishing cream that's supposed to do its good work for eight hours. . . . Adores sun, but never lies down in it. Instead keeps moving: swimming, walking, water-skiing. "Would get tired otherwise." . . . Although maintains a steady 120 pounds that shapes up nicely on her 5′6½″ frame, eats "everything that's forbidden and fattening." Fruit juice and yogurt big items on diet. Two muffins, coffee, and fruit juice typical breakfast menu. . . . Asked what exercise, if any, she does in Madrid, Mrs. De Cicco answered—her marvellous eyes narrowing and lighting up at the same time—"Every afternoon I dance—flamenco."

HAYWARD, PAMELA DIGBY

Born in England, the daughter of the 11th Baron Digby of Sherborne, County Dorset. Now resident of New York City and of "Haywire House" in Mt. Kisco, New York, with her husband since 1960, Leland Hayward, the theatrical producer. Mother of Winston S. Churchill, her son by Randolph Churchill, and very young grandmother of another Randolph Churchill, the boy born just before his great-grandfather died. Her workaday pleasures, for nearly two years now, have revolved around the Jansen Boutique on Fifty-seventh Street, for which she culls from offbeat sources with a great, onbeat taste—wild, woolly, and whimsical accessories to exquisite living.

"In her teens, Pamela Digby was a pretty schoolgirl, remarkable only for a talent for riding her pony at horse shows and carrying off most of the prizes. But then, at the age of nineteen, on the day after Britain declared war on Germany, she married Randolph Churchill, the son of Sir Winston Churchill." So wrote Valentine Lawford in a 1964 issue of Vogue about the mistress of "Haywire House," Mrs. Leland Hayward, whose country house named for Mr. Leland Hayward's international cable address, combines English country cosiness with international fantaisie. . . . Now a multi-talented beauty, Mrs. Hayward incorporates the most enchanting aspects of what is called "high English colouring." The fairest of skin, flushed of cheek, and dusted with freckles. Greened hazel eyes framed with amber lashes, eyebrows to match, and the kind of copper-red hair that is sometimes referred to as "strawberry blond." That hair grew up with Alexandre, when, from 1949 to 1959, although she kept an apartment in London, she spent most of her time in Paris, knew Alexandre when he was still with Antoine, in Cannes as well as in Paris. "He came to my house every night to comb my hair. Those days, I had very red, longish hair, way down to my shoulders. When Dior's New Look came in, he cut it short (Continued next page)

The unruffleable beauty life: Marie-Pierre Colle De Cicco

Necklaces by Schlumberger of Tiffany.

HORST

BEAUTY REGISTER

SIX CASE HISTORIES FROM VOGUE'S PRIVATE FILES

ROMANONES, ALINE GRIFFITH

Born in Pearl River, New York. Graduate of Mount St. Vincent's-on-the-Hudson. Long now a resident of Madrid and various Spanish country houses with her husband, the Conde de Romanones—a painter whose most recent one-man show in this country was at the Wally Findlay gallery—and her three sons, the oldest fifteen, the youngest twelve. . . . Author of *The Earth Rests Lightly*, a gripping narration of her own investigation into the history of Pascualete, a *finca*, or working ranch, in the Spanish province of Estremadura which had been in her husband's family for seven hundred years, but not visited by any member of that family for a century. . . . Her study of paleography, ancient writing, facilitated her quest into the past, and she has become a recognized authority in that subject. . . . Sent to Spain by the U.S. Office of Special Services as an intelligence agent during World War II, she is now working on a book about those cloak-&-dagger years.

On page 4 of her book, *The Earth Rests Lightly*, the Condesa de Romanones remembered this. "When I was twelve years old . . . I had grown tall and skinny with bony knees and there seemed little hope for my looks. My grandmother was especially distressed when she looked at my olive skin and dark-brown hair and eyes, she would sigh deeply and shake her head, saying: 'What a pity for a girl to be as dark as a gypsy!' " Pity has long fled from the eyes of the beholders of the Condesa de Romanones, one of the more arresting beauties of the world. A woman whose searching vitality of research does not stop short at the mechanics of maintaining allure, the Condesa runs a beauty life that ranges from standard procedure to the highly inventive. In the former category: her glowing, apricotty-olive skin is always washed with soap and, at bedtime, oiled in either almond or coconut oil, they being in long supply in Spain. Among her less universal cosmetic ways: Always rouge, even in the country, even with no other makeup. Cream rouge all over—forehead, cheeks, chin, nose. "On an almost bare face it looks so healthy." Exception: When, in the evening, she sometimes switches from her usual almost colourless lip gloss to a pale-red lipstick to please her husband, removes all rouge. "Red lipstick and rouge in tandem look too painted." . . . Eye procedure, very definite. Holds the idea is to accentuate natural shadows, so never a harsh colour above eye. Puts a pale eye shadow on, draws it out toward temple with finger, then just a bit undereye to emphasize natural shade. Trick (taught her by a friend, Audrey Hepburn): Twirl cotton around end of toothpick, dip in eye shadow, and, starting at outside corner of the eye, draw a line up to the hairline. Draw another line, slanting slightly downward toward the ear. Then, with cotton, clear out the eye shadow, rouge, and foundation in that triangle area between the two lines. "It helps natural shadows, brightens and enlarges the eyes." . . . She sometimes uses a liquid eyeliner, more often two greasy pencils (if they're not greasy enough, she dips them in cream), brown for above the eye, grey for a thin line beneath. . . . Believes that a woman "needs eyebrows," prefers hers natural, slightly full. Likes her eyelashes thick and fluffy rather than long. Although she admits that "it takes patience to put it on," uses cake mascara and ideally would spend ten minutes working on the lashes of each eye. . . . Her very fine hair, ordinarily cut to just below the chin, is usually augmented by a postiche, of which she estimates she has in her collection at least fifteen, ranging from great falls of hair down to a small sideburn for guiches and moustache-sized matters for versatility. Right now is tending towards chignons—the hair brought down slightly over the ears to a big bun on the neck. "When I go riding during the *feria* in Seville wearing typical Spanish costume, I

and close. Actually it was about the way it is now, but it was considered shocking then." Mrs. Hayward's hair has a soft but lively waviness to it, and through the copper runs a wide, white streak springing from the left of her forehead, the remnant of a pony tumble as a child. For years she combed her hair "the other way" to hide it. Now people think she ordered the streak put in. . . . When in Paris, she remains faithful to Alexandre, who dries her hair with a towel and straightens its built-in curls with an iron. Finds attitude of women vis-à-vis hairdresser remarkably different in New York and Paris. In Paris, it's perfectly natural for the stylist "to come to your house every evening and, during the day, you always have time to drop around to the salon to be combed." In New York, one thinks twice before asking a hair stylist to come to one's house, unless a spectacular lies directly ahead. In New York, this other, even more uncomfortable difference: The hair gets "dirtier much quicker—and that destructive wind. . . ." To counter this, she carries an after-washing machine, a hand-dryer, made in Switzerland, with an electric comb at its other end, this to be used when she's beyond a hair's-breadth of a beauty salon (this, in New York, is Kenneth and one of his assistants, Mary Farr) and must shampoo and set her own. . . . Mrs. Hayward on red on redheads: "Brought up on the fiction that red dress went not with red hair. Christian Dior changed that. Loved a red silk organdie dress in one of his collections. He explained, 'There are one or two reds for every redhead,' " Since then she wears red with abandonment—pink or blue reds, never yellow or orange ones. Applies same formula to her lipstick colours. . . . Mrs. Hayward on makeup: "Wasn't allowed to use powder until I was eighteen, and then only on my nose." Now she has expanded her makeup routine thus. Moisturizer, foundation, cream rouge, powder, a discreet eyeliner (via brown pencil). . . . Wary of sun because of extravagant freckle capacity, she nevertheless used to make a big point of riding and skiing, now settles—midst her New York busy-ness—for a twenty-block walk a day. "But I don't always make the quota."

like to have this traditional hair style, which would be quite impossible to do with short hair." (Her hairdressing appointment book reads in Paris, Alexandre; in New York, Elizabeth Arden's Imo or Revlon's Pierre; in Madrid, Isaac Blanco, whom she considers a genius; in the country, she sets her own hair —with beer.) . . . The Condesa on woman in the sun: "A woman is okay until she's thirty-seven, then suddenly all the sun creases show." But she feels a little sun, along with wind and quantities of fresh air, promotes circulation, "gets the blood running through the skin," and she rides every day to get her due measure of these elements. . . . On dieting: She finds keeping the same weight, if it fits one attractively, is better than dilly-dallying up and down. "Just get on the scale every day of your life. Depending on the findings, eat a little more or a little less. Then the right weight becomes a habit, not a problem."

DAVID-WEILL, HÉLÈNE LEHIDEUX

Born in Paris, schooled in France. Wife, since 1956, of Michel David-Weill, a French investment banker based in New York. Although retains flat in Paris, now resident mainly of New York in a serene Gracie Square duplex overlooking the East River—"to step into it is to step into Paris—old Paris—" said a recent stepper-into. Mother of three daughters, ages eight, five, and three.

"A little Dürer," said one of her fans. "A Flemish painting," said another. "A snow princess of the north," reported a more romantic soul. The beauty they all had reference to, that of Mme. Michel David-Weill, has these components. Eyes soft and delicate, the clearest of pale blue. A finely-chiselled profile, its cheekbones and nose held high. Soft blond hair, worn by day unteased, simply combed, straight and hanging evenly off the face to just above shoulder. Untouched faint blond eyebrows. Long, expressive neck. Slender everywhere, in fact; petite. Makeup minimal. A skin specialist's powder, transparent pink lipstick, eyelashes touched with brown mascara. In the evening, the sheerest film of a blue-grey eye shadow. The perfect skin that sustains such a Spartan cosmetics program stays that way, apparently, through the devices of certain witchcraft, all totally European; the ingredients of many acquired, indeed, *in* Europe. . . . First, there is a "rain machine," *Le Pulvérisateur Électrique*, which manages in its looks and behaviour to combine the qualities of an espresso pot, a water pistol, and a steam iron. One part is filled with distilled water, another with Évian water. Plugged in, it percolates and bubbles away until it is ready to spray the face with a fine, soothing mist, reminiscent of the kindest of summer showers. The stream streams on for circa two minutes; then the wet, wet face is patted to a silken dry. Mme. David-Weill pursues this procedure every morning and every evening, before dressing for dinner. . . . Next, there are her private recipes. A hand softener of rose water and glycerine in which, somehow, honey and white vinegar figure—odourless, innocent-looking, but leaving the hands feeling soft as a satin sponge. . . . To bath oil she adds several drops of her own perfume—"so that it smells like you." . . . Her moisture cream contains rose water, glycerine, and almond paste, proportions not specified. . . . For hair-wash, she uses one week a famous old American shampoo and rinses with "lemonade without sugar." The alternate week it's a camomile shampoo—made in Évian by a doctor—which she stocks up on in France. . . . Baby lotion removes makeup. . . . All the beauty work, plus her morning stretch exercises, goes on in her big, old-fashioned, white-carpeted, batiste-curtained bathroom, whither she retires for her witchcraft cookery after the rest of her household has disappeared into its rooms at night—"I know they would think I'm mad if they caught me at it." . . . For the result of her mediaeval tactics, we have this from one long-winded gentleman observer: "To see her at a large party, surrounded by brilliantly-maquillaged women, is to see a pale, sparkling snowflake, drifting by, fresh and composed, soft as down."

DIXON, JOAN WETMORE

New Yorker, out of Sydney, Australia. Mrs. W. Palmer Dixon since 1941. Stage and television actress, under name Joan Wetmore, whose list of credits in *Who's Who in the Theatre* is six inches long in telephone-book type. Mother of William Wetmore, young author of two published novels—and a third in the oven.

Celebrated beauty who has performed the nice feat of piling up admiration over the years, without ever seeming to grow less ravishing or detectably older. Dark-haired, pale-skinned, with big mothy dark eyes, delicately-pointed chin and nose, with enchanting accompaniments in the line of the set of her head on her slender neck; her low, rushy speaking voice ("pure crystal," a critic once said of it); a lithe way of moving, a quickness of gesture, a perfect control of manners and mannerisms. . . . For her skin, she gives much credit to her skin specialist, whose soap, cleansing oil, and five-minute before-bed cream she uses, and her semiannual intense treatment program under his direction. . . . Still experimenting with makeup combinations—"Perhaps I go out of the house much too orange or too pale." Uses a foundation and powder, and rouge now and forever. "Even when I was a child, I was so *ghastly* pale that my mother used to have to take me into her room, close the door, and put a spot of rouge on each cheek." Right now it's an English paste rouge, which "the heat of the skin makes come up stronger after a few minutes, so it must be applied with caution." . . . With a soft grey eye pencil, she makes a half-moon by pencilling the fold above the eye and the lid, then smearing it with a brush. False eyelashes for the stage—"very important because they make a shadow above the eye"—but elsewhere, just mascara. . . . Considers sun no peril, handled with discretion. Discretion in this case consists of plenty of sun oil and always a hat. (Indeed, she is a famous wearer of hats, "one of the best hat mannequins I've ever seen," remarked one fashion editor. Adolfo has designed special hats for her sunlit activities, sev- (Continued next page)

SIX CASE HISTORIES FROM VOGUE'S PRIVATE FILES

BEAUTY REGISTER

eral for golfing, several for the beach, et cetera.) . . . Her hair, short-cropped, springs away from her face and neck at the back like a wonderful coxcomb. Very curly by inclination, it was treated to a straightening for the first time last winter, and every week it gets treated to the ministrations of Kenneth—or Kenneth's man, Ralph. On non-Kenneth days, she might get it combed for a big evening. But usually she teases it like crazy, loads it with spray, and shapes it herself. . . . No particular fan of health diets, Mrs. Dixon nevertheless has one pet diet item to which she attributes all sorts of good things. Some time ago her skin advisor suggested that she take, to gain weight, five teaspoons of honey a day. Whether it has helped her weight or not is debatable. Has it increased her general well-being? Certainly. You can't argue *that* point with her.

BULLOUGH, DURIE DESLOGE

In early twenties. Daughter of Mrs. Thomas Shevlin. Born in St. Louis, reared in Palm Beach. Studied at Miss Hewitt's and Miss Hall's, then in Madrid and Paris. Now lives in London flat with her husband of a bit over a year, Roderic Iain Bullough. Both great travellers who met while they were prowling around a temple in Bangkok. Sample travelling: In fourteen months of marriage, have covered Scotland, driven through France on a "tour gastronomique," visited Spain's Marbella and the island of Majorca, been twice to New York, once to Palm Beach, and stretched a two-week stay in Mexico into a month in which they acquired, among other pleasures, contemporary Mexican paintings to freshen the "flaky old velvet-hung walls" of their London flat.

"As pretty as an ice cream soda" (said somebody who happens to adore ice cream sodas), Mrs. Bullough has everything going for her, including an eagerness to not leave well enough alone that extends to her looks. The magnificent sweep of streaked blond hair, the health-charged colouring, the thickly-fringed, Blue Willow eyes, the kind of mouth known in the old days as "Sweetheart," the small, V-shaped chin. What she wants and doesn't want, what works and what doesn't work with her hair and makeup—this she knows and is firm about. Here's what she wants and what works at the moment. . . . Hair: The set is vastly important. "Set well, hair can't be knocked out of kilter, even with loads of teasing." Who sets Mrs. Bullough's hair well? Mrs. Bullough, usually. She sets it ordinarily before her bath, combs it out, and arranges it an hour or so afterward with a steel, rapier-thin rattail comb. Generally wears hair long, as in photograph *opposite;* sometimes pulls it up for an evening. Lengthy hairpiece occasionally swings into action to give it even more bulk. . . . What works for Mrs. Bullough in makeup-base department is lightness. "Has more life if not too thick." . . . Most of her makeup gets brushed on, including her grey eye shadow and her charcoal eyeliner. "If you keep using an eyeliner pencil, it makes a wrinkle." Does, however, grey-pencil eyebrows. Looks forward to having her eyes made up for some evening "mood" dress into an absolute fantasy, something "unbelievable." . . . Her mascara procedure: Powders lashes, then mascaras. Powders again, mascaras again. . . . Mrs. Bullough on lipstick for her: Natural and rosy, but not lighter-than-mouth. Firm rule: In cold weather, no lipstick with purple cast. . . . On the other hand, her fingernail enamel is always colourless. Nails filed with a diamond-hard permanent emery board of rather mammoth proportions. Toenails filed with same; also heels, in place of a pumice stone. "One can get too enthusiastic with a pumice." . . . Holds a good gym is better than steam baths and better than home exercises, which most people fail to follow through on. An occasional crash diet program goes this way with her (no medical approval implied): Coffee for breakfast, skip lunch, then have a "delicious dinner." . . . Because she feels one fragrance loses its excitement if it's in constant action, she switches back and forth between two favourite scents, feels the room, as well as its owner, should be specially scented. Best way to do this: Heat a ladle as hot as you can make it; pour in perfumed oil; and move around the room bearing ladle. Delightfully permeating, she has found.

The beauty life, programmed: Durie Desloge Bullough



PENN







Good looking. As in the line of a coat . . . the colouring of a tweed...the buttoning of jersey blouse under tweed jacket. As in the first Molyneux ready-to-wear—very, very good looking. Millet tweed, left—warm, whitened, slim-bodied over a widened skirt...flapped patch pockets, buttoned slit-sleeves—charming touches on a coat of enormous charm. Bergdorf Goodman. Slim body, widening skirt, above—the perfect black coat... standing collar, patch pockets, gilt-ball buttons on thick, smooth wool. At Altman's. Delicious white blouse, below, for a suit of dark-grey wool—silk crêpe tied on the side, with a yoke-like tuck...shoot of cuffs. Bergdorf Goodman. Mustard-jersey blouse, right—sleeved, belted...under a beige worsted-tweed suit jacket with the same perfection of double-breasted tailoring . . . more jersey at the throat...width to the skirt. Altman's. Molyneux ready-to-wear, also: Wanamaker's, Phila.; I. Magnin. Sterlé ring. The coiffures by Carita.




GOOD... AS IN THE
GOOD-LOOKING NEW
MOLYNEUX
READY-TO-WEAR
HELMUT NEWTON

From Galitzine's ravishing garden of night things: new dreams—silk crêpe flowers flowing palely over bareness. Worn by Daniela Bianchi, the beautiful Bond-girl of *From Russia with Love;* next in *Le tigre aime la chair fraîche.* Sleep sari, *left*—wrapping the body in sprigs of fresh green, floating free from one shoulder. Halter of flowers, *near right*—pink on white blowing open on the leg, with a rush of soft pleats streaming from a deeply bared back. Open-armed cape, *far right*—rippled over one-piece pyjamas, slit and swirling around bare legs. This—pale-blue flowers on pink—and the halter-topped nightdress, at Lord & Taylor; Filene's. All, by Galitzine for Van Raalte of Italy. The coiffures by Claudio of Rome.

HENRY CLARKE

DANIELA BIANCHI IN GALITZINE'S DREAM GARDEN



Three happy blues in the night—pale and brief, airy as dreams to sleep in. Ruffles fluttering, *left*, on a wide-hemmed trapeze of a nightdress, cut like a schoolgirl's petticoat in blue nylon tricot. By Kayser; about $6. Stern's; Hutzler's; Meier & Frank. Sleep romper, *near right*, a smidge of faint blue gathered up on the bosom with a bow; edged in white lace. By Seamprufe, in tricot of Chemstrand nylon (Burlington fabric); about $6. At Bloomingdale's; Lazarus. Fingertip blues *far right*, with ribbon threaded through the neck, white lace panels at each side, lace slivers all around. Hollywood Vassarette nylon tricot nightdress, junior sizes; about $9. Lord & Taylor; Dayton's.

LITTLE BLUE DREAMS

BERT STERN





BEAUTY BULLETIN



HOW NOT TO MISS A THING . . . THE TECHNIQUES FOR DOING IT DASHINGLY

When the genius who does your hair hits on something new and beneficial for your looks, does it ever occur to you to say: "This is it, I'll never wear my hair another way"? Or when a dress fulfills the wilder shores of becomingness, do you swear you'll never buy another dress as long as you live; that anything else would be anticlimactic? No, is our guess. No, because you know from experience that fashion is fashion; it has never pretended to be a family trust. And, no again, because you've found that the most such a fashion achievement can deliver is satisfaction for the time being—and, with luck, establishment of a firmly-held standard for what fashion-satisfaction should feel like.

Precisely the same is true with spectacles. Unlike the perfect country house and the lifetime love, spectacles are hardly meant to be forever. And it strikes us that where spectacles do a poor job of everything except the improvement of vision, it's because they've been chosen with some vague hope for eternity—like copper pipes or a herringbone-brick terrace. There never has been a piece of fashion that could offer a lifetime guarantee as such—and the important thing to keep in mind about spectacles now is this: they're a part of fashion; they're no longer glass crutches. Spectacles have become fashion to the extent that women with no eyesight problems are writing their own prescriptions ("20/20, but plenty of frame"). Spectacles have become fashion to the extent that what's great today will almost surely be classic a year from today. . . .

If you want to know what spectacle frames we think you'll long to own a year from now, we're ready—here and now—to say. You'll want, we predict, the one-eyed lorgnette—or the monocle-turned-lorgnette (it's launched in this issue; see left). . . . For people who like spectacular spectacles, immense square-eyed frames and great oval owl eyes ought to be enjoying near hysteria. . . . Frames in shades like Kelly green, true violet, Pucci sky-blue, bright lacquered shades, should be rage-y—especially when they're on the half-shell (as at right). . . . So should frames carved by jewellers out of coral, jade, or lapis lazuli (and by non-jewellers out of plastics that resemble same). . . . Tortoise, newest when it's pale, will continue to be adored—both by women who want their spectacles to dominate their personal image, and by (Continued next page)

SPECTACLES ON THE HALF-SHELL . . . NEW SHELL-TINT MAKEUP

Framed on all sides with spectacles whose looks we especially like (see all that good, forthright vision? those mercifully unpinching nosepieces? those straight, skinny sidepieces that mess up one's hair not at all? . . as well as the owl eyes that miss nothing? and the clever sight-wand that's monocle turned lorgnette?): a creature wearing an Emilio Pucci shirt—and quite a lot of news besides. For instance: sky-blue spectacles that offer instant accommodation to the far-sighted; and a forward-looking makeup designed by Germaine Monteil. The makeup, made to give the face a lifting softness and a more open gaze, is part of a series called Shell Tints. On these eyes: eye shadow as pale in tone as the green-grey of a polished oyster shell, and a sea-buffed white for the bone above the eye. On this mouth: Mauve Shell-Tint lipstick. (The Germaine Monteil shell series—all new, for July.) Shirt at Saks Fifth Avenue, about $30. Hair cut and combed by Kenneth. All spectacles shown are from the Fashion Eyewear Group of America; are findable cross-country. . . .

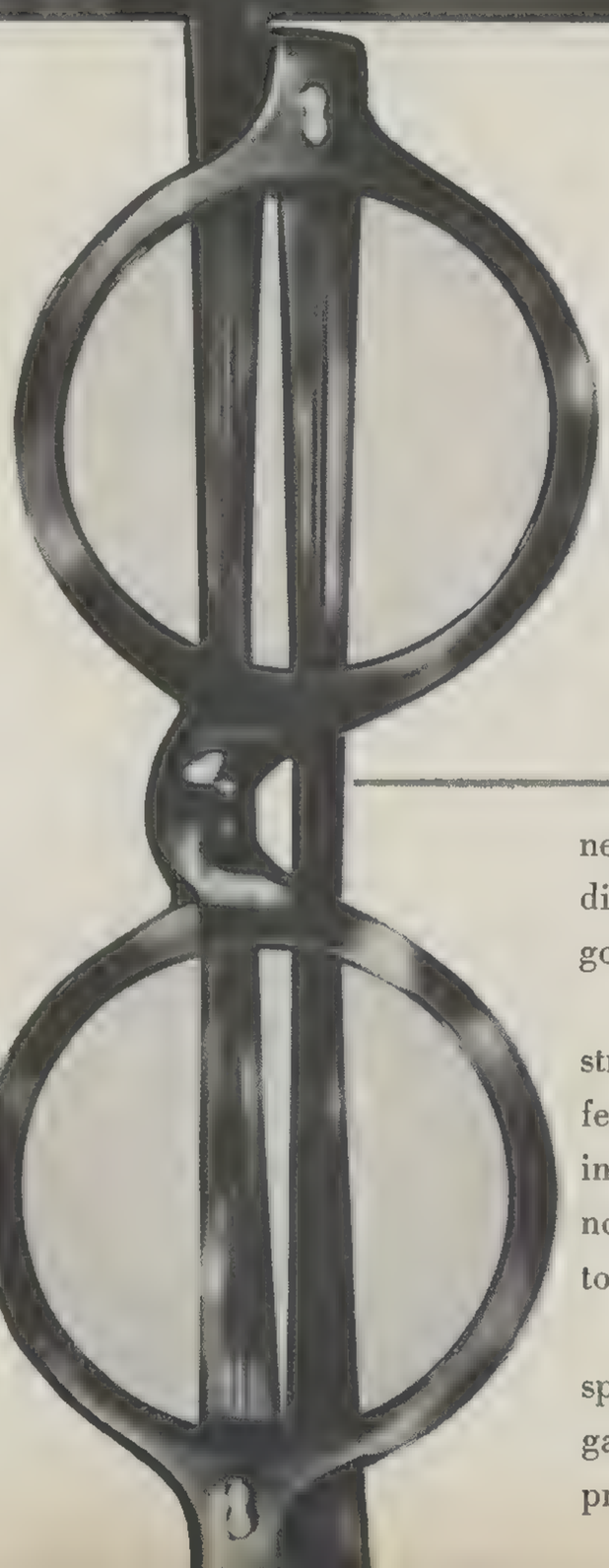
BERT STERN



BEAUTY *bulletin*

(Continued from preceding page) women who prefer spectacles to become a slippery, subliminal part of it (it's the *amount* of frame and the *degree* of unusualness that adapts). . . . Hexagonals, "the hottest thing in the market today," may still be one of the several pairs of spectacles you'll want to own a year from now. Ditto, the horizontal ovals, like a pair of child's barrettes (we see these as a basic shape; next year they might be done in real ivory or jade or gold). . . . Non-sunglass lenses may pick up a fair amount of tint and at their most charming may put over the eyes the most perfectly-applied eye shadow—a watercolour transparency of pale-green grey. . . .

You know (we don't) whether you need spectacles all of the time or some of the time. *You* know (again, we don't) whether your need for spectacles means an occasional offhand peek through carefully-adorable lorgnettes, or constant reconnaissance through a battery of spectacles. But even without knowing your sight situation, we can guess this about you: if you love the idea of spectacles—if you think a pair of eyeglasses is just what the doctor didn't



MORE SPECTACLES ON THE HALF-SHELL—WITH A SWITCH THAT'S NEW TO OUR EYES

Reversing the policy of the spectacle frames shown on page 109: the half-shell idea you see above. Worked out for the nearsighted, these clear the field of vision for all close work—reading, writing, gros- or petitpoint—but provide quick accommodation for the distant objects that call for optical help. The frames here and at left: from the Fashion Eyewear Group of America.

necessarily order, but might give your face a certain distinguished chic, you'll fall into one of these categories:

You're a woman whose face is not bony in a strong way; it may be a face short of the sort of feature that reaches out and grabs people and sticks in the memory for keeps. . . . With the addition of noticeable spectacles, most soft-featured women seem to acquire a bonier, more *racé* look instantly.

Or you're a woman who acquired the habit of spectacles in the recently re-run Dark Ages: you began by wearing sunglasses, felt naked without those props, and now it's just a question of turning up the

lights. . . . One woman who has made fashion a way of—to put it mildly—life, has long insisted she feels unfinished in terms of chic unless she's wearing spectacles, sunglasses, a hat, or a lot of hairpieces—four categories of headgear which she uses quite interchangeably.

Or you're a woman who has seen on someone else—possibly the handsome Mrs. Kenneth Keith (who, when she was Nancy Hawks, initiated the custom of wearing horn-rimmed spectacles as a hairband), or possibly Mrs. Denniston Slater (who wears spectacles every minute and owns, it would appear, that many pairs), or possibly the fascinating actress, Anouk Aimée (who completed one Chanel suit-wardrobe with specs)—a perfectly charming pair of spectacles which you admire objectively. You see spectacles as desirable fashion *objets*.

Or, finally, you're a woman who has discovered somewhere along the line that spectacles can provide a sneaky way to hide tired lines, re-contour a face, divert attention from the undereye department, or slink around wrinkles—and be amusing about it meanwhile. . . . "The more Onassis the glasses, the better," is how one such woman puts it. "Why go to a plastic surgeon when tortoise is quicker?"

If, on the other hand, you regret your need for spectacles, you're a quite other creature. To *see*—to enjoy and use fully the glorious privilege of sight—you need spectacles, and maybe all the time. And the way you look in them, the way you feel in them, counts for almost as much as seeing. . . . First thing to forget is any effort toward invisibility; only contact lenses are truly invisible. Once you get into frames, there's no point in thinking you can magic your way out of them with clear plastic, partial plastic, or such heady distractions as a carefully strewn soup-dishful of diamonds. What your spectacles *can* be is discreet. What they *can* be is easy to put on and take off. What they *can* be is unannoying. . . . They can and probably should be light or dark tortoiseshell with a minimum of frame. They can have straight "temples," the better to enter and exit from, and the less dismantling to hair. They can have a smooth, non-nose-pinching (Continued on page 125)

EYES COVERED . . . MOUTH WEARING FRESH BARENESS . . . NEW MAKEUP FOR SUN

Not even a little sun is wanted by the eyes of this sleeping sunbather. So each eye has been given its own small parasol—a gold lace cover-up to dazzle the onlooker but keep everything in the dark inside. The idea was a little something Max Factor's makeup artist, Gil, thought up in Tahiti (far as we know, this is the only such pair of parasols in the world). The mouth is a different story, however. It's a part of a summer plan by Max Factor to lighten lipstick to a wisp of colour. The shade shown here is Baby Bare; there are two other little nothings in the group of three—hence the widespread new story of the Three Little Bares.

BERT STERN

AN ENGLISH DREAM:

MRS. NANCY LANCASTER'S HASELEY COURT WITH ITS FUROR OF FLOWERS, COMPLEX OF GARDENS, ITS STONE-DEEP BEAUTY FLOODED IN HISTORY. TEN PAGES PHOTOGRAPHED BY HORST

Virginia-born Mrs. Nancy Lancaster, photographed *right* and *above* in a sampling of garden hats, has made Haseley Court in Oxfordshire into one of the most romantic places in England, and dashed it well with American wit. Over Haseley, *above*, flies the Confederate flag.





TOPIARY CHESS SET at Haseley Court, shaped in boxwood, punctuated with lavender and low grey greenery. Beyond a ha-ha, or sunken fence, cattle graze


HORST



THE DRAWING ROOM at Haseley Court: below the magnificent Waterford chandelier, *left*, one of the pair of Elizabethan portraits, both at Haseley Court, by Geeraerts of the Fitton sisters. This sister, Mary, has been called the Dark Lady of Shakespeare's sonnets.

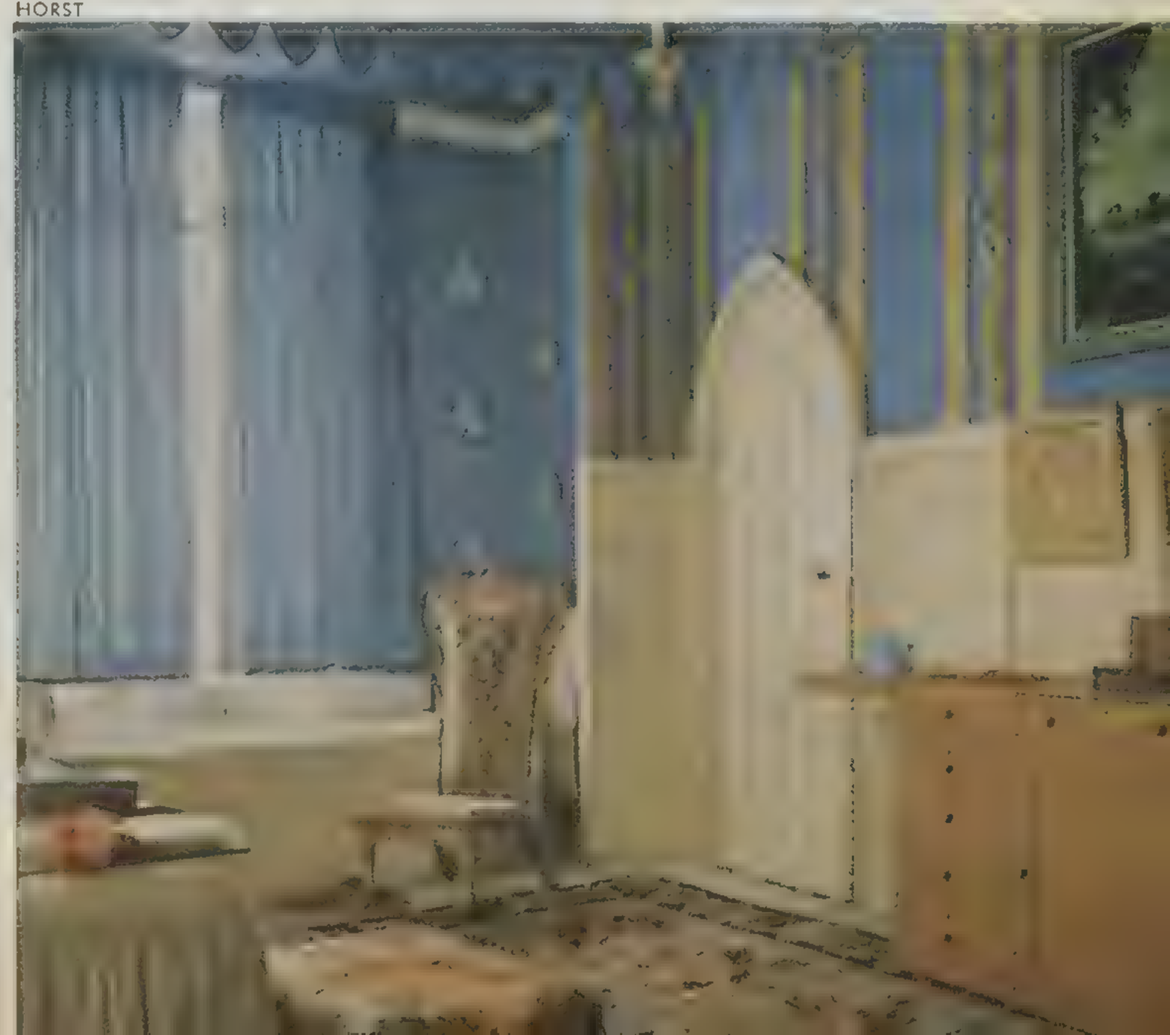






MRS. LANCASTER'S BEDROOM at Haseley Court, vaulted, washed in apricot and white and dashed with flowers, *above* and *left*. The monumental cupolated bed, hung with blue-fringed ivory silk, is late eighteenth century and spread with eighteenth-century French silk. The chandeliers are Victorian ormolu, lavish with grapes. Bedside tables—chinoiserie fringed with bells—from the Brighton Pavilion stand on a Regency needlework rug. The tall screens, *above*, of seventeenth-century Spanish leather, came from Hartwell House where Louis XVIII lived as an émigré. The great, paned mirror Mrs. Lancaster found in a Somerset barn. *Below:* A corner of Mrs. Lancaster's bathroom with, by the bath, a gilt and needlework prie-dieu on a needlework rug. On the papered walls, a Staffordshire breakfast service. A second Gothick door, similar to the one shown, led to a Priest's Hole in the seventeenth century when this part of officially Protestant England was strongly Catholic.

HORST





HORST

STAFF GARDEN PARTY at Haseley Court, including past and present staffs of Mrs. Lancaster and of the late Lady Astor, ended with this classic outing portrait. Seated, far left, is the man who kept the topiary chess set clipped when Haseley was deserted. In the back row, fifth from right, Mr. Spencer, the butler at Haseley; fourth from right, Mrs. Lancaster in a big hat.

AN ENGLISH DREAM

BY VALENTINE LAWFORD

Anyone quite so authentically English and authentically American could only be a Virginian.

I first met Mrs. Nancy Lancaster in war-time Britain. She may not welcome the reminder. Even implied compliments make her wince. But I remember how she sold her American family's loved estate of Mirador at considerable personal loss when England was more than usually in need of dollars, and how she chose to become a British subject when the war was at its height. I remember too how, married then to Ronald Tree, the Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Minister of Information, she and he were for weekend after weekend tireless hosts to Winston Churchill and his retinue at Ditchley Park, one of the loveliest country houses in England. As Churchill has gratefully recorded, it was considered safer than his official country house of Chequers, particularly on nights of a full moon. What he has not recorded is that it was also incomparably more attractive and comfortable.

But I remember best how I would sigh with relief to find that occasionally she had been invited to the same weekday, war-time, "austerity" London luncheon as I had. For she was that rewarding phenomenon, a woman as handsome as she was humorous, and all the more impressive because what she most lacked was self-importance—unless it were a sign of self-importance to confront the allegedly most heroic, but actually most drably dangerous, period of the twentieth century so far from the shelter of nothing more serious than a barrage of wit and the sweeping brim of an ostrich-plumed Cavalier hat.

Times have changed and wars have changed. Names and occupations have changed, and addresses. But there is something of the Cavalier about her still.

Owner now of Haseley Court, one of the most appealingly beautiful houses in Oxfordshire, she defends her privacy with letters that are dashingly resourceful rather than remotely rude, disconcertingly congenial rather than effective. She is "strongly against personal write-ups," and would only be interested in having her house and garden photographed and written about if credit were to be given solely to the London decorating firm of Colefax & Fowler, in which she used to be a partner and is now a consultant. It was the firm, she insists, who did all her decoration and helped her plan the garden. When one eventually arrives at Haseley to stay, one is scarcely surprised to find that she herself has had to go to London for the first day of one's visit.

Twentieth-century Oxfordshire is still for the most part "elmy England," a rural landscape of green and grey and cobalt blue, miraculously undefiled. In Little Haseley village, golden stone cottages, half buried in honeysuckle, peer from beneath fringes of thatch. Cattle graze in the parkland at the drive's edge. Doves pattern the steep roof of a fifteenth-century barn and stable crowned by stone fleurs-de-lys. A pair of scarlet-collared whippets, linked together by a single leash, streak down from the terrace to the croquet lawn, between statues of lions and boys. The perfect twentieth-century butler emerges from the perfect eighteenth-century front door, framed in magnolia grandiflora and clematis, and flanked by bay trees in blue-grey tubs.

An unprecedented sensation of stepping bodily into a picture, or becoming involved in broad daylight in a choreographic version of English country-house life is only intensified by the sight of the Confederate flag fluttering in place of a family standard above the high Queen Anne-cum-Georgian front.

Traditionally there was a Saxon manor at Haseley before 1066. The estate was certainly given by William the Conqueror to one of his brothers, from whom it passed, through a series of bequests and purchases, to a prosperous mediaeval goldsmith (who, as one of the Sheriffs of London in 1393, must undoubtedly have been a colleague of Dick Whittington's in that office). The goldsmith's ultimate heiress married into a famous family of Catholics, loyal to the monarchy in England's seventeenth-century civil war. The great Parliamentarian John Hampden, wounded and dying after the Battle of Chalgrove Field, firmly refused to seek help from Haseley's Royalist and Papist household, and begged instead for a drink of water from a cottager living at the gate. Later seventeenth-century owners remained Catholic at the risk of their lives. There are still traces of the entrance to a Priest's Hole in a bathroom closet. But early in the eighteenth century, all but a wing of the mediaeval house was pulled down and a new house was built in its stead. A variety of owners lived there till the Second World War, when the house, occupied by the British and American military, suffered accordingly. After the war, Haseley stood in danger of demolition until Mrs. Lancaster bought it ten years ago.

Photographs of the grounds at the time of her purchase suggest a moderately recent battlefield, with dismantled bathtubs lying like abandoned tanks among the weeds and wheel ruts. Today, by some magic touch, rust and rubble have been replaced by a maturely beautiful sequence of interlocking gardens, as surprisingly harmonious as a maze of disparate rooms in an ancient, rambling, time-cemented house.

On a gravel terrace outside the awnings of the south front, a balustrade with stone baskets of grey-russet echeveria and daturas, oleanders, lemon trees, and lemon verbena in boxes exemplifies the secular English nostalgia for an Italian garden, redolent as a greenhouse in the fitful sun. Down a twin flight of steps, past a border of lilies and striped roses, peonies and yuccas, standard daisies, and luxuriant phlox, a sunken lawn holds the first of Haseley's glories: thirty-two clipped boxwood chessmen in an intricate pattern of lavender and santonica. At the far end, a ha-ha and a pair of stone sphinxes form the only barrier between the formal garden and the open, dung- (Continued on page 129)

Louise de Vilmorin, storyteller, poet, designer, hostess to all of Paris, is mistress of Verrières, a famous seventeenth-century house which was built for a favourite of Louis XIV. Here, in a salon where curtains, sofas, chairs are all of the same white-and-blue Persian-printed linen in Louise de Vilmorin's own "Verrières blue," she and I talked about Louise de Vilmorin, cordon bleu . . . an aspect as original, as fanciful, and as unpredictable as all the other facets of Louise de Vilmorin.

"I am a between-meal gourmand," she said. "In the afternoon I go for a walk with a friend and I find myself inevitably drawn to a pastry shop where, to my friend's dismay, I can devour, in one sitting, four éclairs, two mille-feuilles, and then some little cakes. At table I eat sparingly. There's one thing I like very much: braised stuffed cabbage, stewed . . . stewed . . . stewed . . . with a little oil in a cocotte. I eat it very hot, and pour on top of it a jar of yogurt."

I asked her if she did her own cooking. "I don't have much time for it," she told me, "though I enjoy it. I have stayed in houses where there was no cook and made everything myself—*pots de crème*, jellies—and filled my head with such nourishing thoughts as 'do I have a knuckle of veal?' "

At Verrières, the great specialty is Louise de Vilmorin's *pot au feu*. "In the winter," she said, "we have it almost every Sunday. Thrifty. From the leftover meat we make, the next day, shepherd's pie, and on Tuesday a *salade de boeuf:* warm meat, hard-boiled eggs, slices of onions, with a vinaigrette sauce. For the rest of the week, Wednesday is calves' liver, Thursday veal scallops, delicious with a slice of bacon and a dusting of sage, Friday fish, Saturday steak.

"Sometimes I vary the Sunday menu, for mostly the same people come, friends from Paris, my Czechoslovakian neighbours, and always my brothers André and Roger. They bring their butlers to help with the serving . . . we lead a communal life here! Some Sundays I have sautéed chicken, surrounded by grilled tomatoes sprinkled with parsley, sautéed potatoes, and small chipolata sausages. Or a pilaf of rice. Rice mixed with minced ham and sometimes passed through the food mill so you get a rose-coloured mixture; a layer of pink rice, a layer of hard-boiled eggs, rice, eggs, then sautéed bananas, little sausages, lemon juice, a little fresh cream. Served with chutney. Mouthwatering."

"Is there anything you hate?" I said. It seemed unlikely.

"Persimmons," said Louise de Vilmorin. "And what they call grande cuisine. The idea of a meat glaze displeases me. I like everything fresh, crêpes with scrambled eggs, veal with cream, pork with prunes. . . . In particular I react to the look of things, the cleanliness."

Then we talked about the table settings for which Louise de Vilmorin is famous, and she took me into her linen room to see the piles of white Porthault damask napkins ("I only like white napkins," she said) appliquéd with the shamrock that is her emblem. We went into the pantry, all blond wood cupboards, where she showed me her china, also embossed with the four-leaf clover, and the silver creatures with which she decorates her table: crabs, donkeys, owls, a silver (Continued on next page)

LOUISE DE

VILMORIN

A SECOND FAME: GOOD FOOD

BY NINETTE LYON

The first fame of Louise de Vilmorin is as a writer of fragile, witty novels, as a presence in French literary life, as a belle femme whose belles lettres—poems and essays as well as novels—are considered small works of art. Her subject is the heart. "Whenever love," begins Madame de, *her best known tale, "touches history, events of the past belong to the present." Vilmorin people, ambassadors and counts, fey young girls and worldly women, live for love, but not always happily ever after; sometimes they die of it, as in* Madame de *and in* L'Heure Maliciôse, *her new novel to be published in France this fall. Her own life has material for several Vilmorin tales. Born into a large, close Paris family, she grew up with a sister and four brothers, received little formal education, spent long summers at Verrières, the historic Vilmorin house outside of Paris. Married twice, first to an American, then to a Hungarian count, Louise de Vilmorin lived for some years in Santa Fe and Las Vegas where she had three daughters and wrote her first novel; she spent World War II in a castle in Slovakia. Now at Verrières, she writes, entertains her family and the artists and diplomats who are her friends. She was photographed,* right, *wearing a djellaba and a cluster of gold Tunisian necklaces, her beautifully boned face lit up, in the words of one guest, "with the loveliness of someone who loves."*



CECIL BEATON



chicken that will hold boiled eggs, a military nutcracker of which the arms are two French soldiers; the nut goes under a German helmet and the soldiers go crack!

From the pantry we passed into the kitchen where the cook was preparing that evening's *pot au feu.* The kitchen table was covered with vegetables; on the stove the casserole sat, ceremoniously waiting. Then we went back to the salon. The light was beginning to fade but no lamps were lit. "One sees less well here once the lamps have been lit," Louise de Vilmorin said. "I hate lamps when the sun is still out; they make me think of night."

I asked Louise de Vilmorin if food played a part in *L'Heure Maliciôse,* the novel she has just finished.

"Ah, yes," she said, "there is food in *Maliciôse.* The story is of a *noble prétentieux,* the Marquis Ninitchi, and his wife, Aunt Pee, who is so fat from overeating that when she gets up from her chair she often brings it with her. Her children, Petit Mann, La Miste, Crotine, the twins Prechi and Precha, adore her, protect her, though they are impossible. Maliciôse is a mysterious woman, hidden somewhere, discovered by the children and Papa Nini . . . poor Maliciôse, she has exiled herself from the world because she can never stay in love. Papa Nini falls in love with Maliciôse and threatens to kill himself over her. But why accept the death of a person one doesn't love? The drama explodes when Maliciôse has just taken a piece of a great tart, called 'Le Gâchis,' an old family recipe; La Miste takes a knife, and, thinking to protect her mother from a rival, stabs Maliciôse who rolls under the table."

As she described her book, Louise de Vilmorin was off in an enchanted world of . . . tables and cakes . . . who knows? Far from the kitchen, I returned to Paris with the parting words of a poet in my ears: "Do not forget Maliciôse." Here, four recipes.

Stuffed Cabbage

1 medium green cabbage
2 cups cold cooked pork or sausage meat or roast veal, ground
4 tablespoons olive or vegetable oil
½ pint yogurt or sour cream

Plunge the cabbage into enough rapidly boiling salted water to cover the cabbage. Boil for 5 minutes. Drain well, bottom up. Separate the leaves and cut out the hard cores. Place a spoonful of well-seasoned stuffing on the edge of each leaf. Turn over the sides of the leaves and roll up. Place side by side in an oiled casserole with a cover and simmer on the lowest fire for about an hour. To keep moist, add a few spoonfuls of broth or water. Uncover and let brown, turning after 10 minutes to brown evenly. Pour yogurt or sour cream over cabbage and cook until heated through.

Pâte à Crêpes for six to eight people

1 pint milk
3 large whole eggs
1¾ cups flour
2 tablespoons oil or melted butter
4 tablespoons sugar
Preserves or jam

Put the flour and sugar in a bowl. Break in the eggs one by one, beating them in thoroughly. The batter must be homogeneous and stiff. Work in the milk little by little until very smooth. Add the oil or the cooled melted butter and let rest at least 2 hours before using. Heat a 5-inch pancake skillet, pour in a teaspoon of butter and, using a kitchen spoon to measure, pour in a spoonful of batter, twirling the pan quickly for the batter to spread all over. Cook about a minute and turn, cook 30 seconds. Keep hot until all the pancakes are made. Fill with any preserves or jam and fold in quarters. Heat a minute or two in the oven and serve sprinkled with sugar.

Pot au Feu for six people

4 pounds rump beef, neatly tied
2 onions, each stuck with two cloves
Bouquet garni
6 large leeks, tied in a bunch
12 small carrots or 4 large ones
12 small white onions
12 small white turnips or 6 large
3 celery roots, peeled
1 large cabbage, cut in 6 wedges
6 large potatoes
2 large marrow bones, tied in cheesecloth
1 tablespoon salt
Thick-sliced country bread, toasted
Oven-dried croutons
Parmesan cheese, freshly ground

Wipe the meat and place in a tall narrow pot with 3 quarts of water. Bring slowly to a boil, covered, and skim carefully. Add the onions stuck with cloves, the bouquet garni, and simmer very slowly for 1½ hours. Add the vegetables and salt—with the exception of the cabbage, potatoes, and marrow bones—and simmer for another 2 hours. Boil the potatoes separately until tender. Simmer cabbage with the marrow bones for 12–15 minutes.

To serve: Slice the meat thickly and arrange on a platter surrounded by the vegetables whole or, if large, quartered after they have cooked. Pass separately: (1) the broth, (2) hot toast spread with marrow, (3) Parmesan cheese surrounded by oven-dried croutons.

Rôti de Veau à la Crème for twelve people

5–6 pounds rolled boneless veal, tied and wrapped in fat
4 tablespoons olive oil
4–5 tablespoons butter
1 large bay leaf, crumbled
Salt and pepper
1 cup white wine or bouillon
3 cups heavy cream
6 tablespoons flour

Heat the oil in a cocotte large enough to hold the meat; one with a cover. Brown the meat evenly. Pour off the cooking oil and add the butter. Sprinkle meat with salt and pepper and the crumbled bay leaf. Cover and place in a 350° preheated oven for 2 hours. Remove the meat and keep warm. Deglaze the cooking residue with white wine or bouillon. Mix the flour with some of the cream until smooth, add the remaining cream, and pour into the cocotte over a low fire. Stir until boiling, slightly thickened, and well blended. Pour some sauce over the sliced meat, pass the remainder. Serve with noodles cooked *al dente.*

Beauty Bulletin

(Continued from page 111)

nosepiece. They can be light in the hand, in the handbag, and light in the way they rest on the nose. And probably they should be numerous. . . .

A quite basic collection of spectacles for a spectacles-resenting woman would be: Half-shell spectacles that allow her to switch from a near field of vision to a distant one by simply raising or lowering her eyes. For catching the entire scene, a pair of perfectly round spectacles, again in tortoise or possibly woodgrain. For restaurant life, the one-eyed lorgnette. For sun, superb dark glasses. Whatever, she's right to be a dragon about the way her spectacles fit. "You can't imagine how important the tilt of the temple is," said one spectacles-dispenser to us, "or fitting the bridge properly. No reason for glasses to leave a mark. One should go back after a few months for a refitting. . . . The nature and number of spectacles depend on how the eyes are being used. For instance, for golfers, we often grind a special pair with a certain little section for reading the score card."

As to what's with the eyes behind the eyeglasses, there are new considerations to remember, old wives' tales to forget. One misconception—eye expert speaking—is that anything except injury or disease can permanently damage the physical aspects of vision. TV can *not*. Nor can reading in dim light. "After all, eyes are exercising every moment they're open," said the specialist. The more they do, apparently, the better. They don't really need additional exercise. Nor do they need special protection from close work. What they do require are defenses against perils such as the sun. Relentless exposure to sunshine without dark glasses can cause visible eye aging (as with the skin). The darker the dark glasses the better: good rule for selection. Exposure to bright sunlight bleaches something called "visual purple," a pigment in the retina needed for vision in dim light. Atlantic City lifeguards, serving as guinea pigs, found their sensitivity to light at night reduced by more than one-third after a day on the beach without sunglasses; in some cases, as much as nine-tenths. . . . Advice from the eye men: Avoid looking directly into sun. You *can* read in the sunlight, in shade of beach umbrella, with dark glasses. Flat lenses, however appealingly modest their cost may be, are inferior to curved lenses. . . . In swimming pool, keep eyes closed underwater to avoid infections and irritations. . . . The human eye is a marvellous mechanism that does its best to take care of itself. Tears, for instance, even go so far as to include within their formula certain antiseptics.

The area around the eyes: the swollen lids, the bizarre over-eye, the inflated undereye—what's responsible? "For one thing, the fluid balance differs from day to day, affects eyes just as it might, say, feet," eye specialist speaking. Allergies, stress, and sleeping position can be the mischief-makers, too. Three people we know who've never had such difficulties all sleep flat on the back of their heads. "The most effective remedy is cold compresses," medical man talking. "Cleverly-fitted spectacles can disguise such sometimes- or permanent-defects," spectacles-dispenser talking now.

Seeing is often a matter of concentration, of ability to perceive versus lack of perception. Of eyes that don't want to see versus eyes that have to see. "Take a person who proofreads for a living," an ophthalmologist said. "That person rarely has vision trouble. Just as primitive man, who lived by hunting and the like and whose sight was a means of survival, had better vision than the civilized variety." The statistics that show distance-vision to be better among men than women (remember the eagle-eyed Indian?) may trace back to man's original survival need for vision. . . . On the other hand, women have it over men this way: more women see colour better and truer than do men. (Eight men, and fewer than one woman, out of a hundred are colour-blind.) The tendency toward colour-blindness, or blindness to certain

(Continued on page 127)



for those Special People . . .
who appreciate only the *finest*

A delicately etched circlet of leaves in shades of smoke-gray forms the "Serenade" pattern against the background of porcelain-white fine Ironstone China.

Its classic design blends so beautifully with your fine silverware and crystal that "Serenade" will enhance your table setting, as well as harmonize with any home decor.

Fine Ironstone, like China, is vitreous, but has many features unattainable in the production of porcelain China. Oven-proof, acid and stain resistant, and underglaze decoration are qualities you have desired and are now available in "Serenade".

Ask for "Serenade" at your favorite Department Store.

5-pc. place setting . . . $5.95

Kaysons
Fine Ironstone China
6500 E. Flotilla St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90022



Fine Feathers...

Sarah's new "Bird of Paradise" pin flaunts feathers iridescent with sparkling stones . . . a shameless display of elegance in jewelry fashion. Shown only at our Home Jewelry Shows . . . write to learn how you may attend.

SARAH COVENTRY, INC.
Newark 11, New York State

Sarah Coventry®
FINE FASHION JEWELRY



SCARF HAT II . . .
Betmar's Second Edition of the season's most successful hat. Now translated into luscious Simonetta rayon velvet, in jewel tones. To proudly wear from now into fall!
About $13

Betmar

At fine stores everywhere, or write to
BETMAR HATS, INC., 1040 Ave. Americas, N.Y.

A tall glass oasis

(Continued from page 82)

culture, you know.)

Gardens are another aspect of the concept. Everywhere—almost everywhere—there are gardens. This means, first of all, roses and quiet, but it also means swimming pools. As every strenuous traveller knows you can't go from eight o'clock in the morning till midnight every day without some sort of break. So after endless hours of pacing the Forum or viewing the countless temples of Nikko, it is a grand pleasure to come back to Monte Mario or Nagata-cho and jump in the pool. It restores not just your aching back, but your head as well. It somehow makes you feel yourself again, and not the stunned victim of a guidebook. You can function. In Athens even, lying on your back in the cool water and looking up at the Parthenon against its fading blue sky, you can easily forget all those statistics about the Theatre of Dionysus and concentrate on what you're going to eat in the Plaka that night.

Let's now have a word about the perils of travel. Did you know that ninety percent of all illnesses which hotel doctors are called upon to treat are connected with anxiety?

Consider. It is hardly more than a generation since only the very rich went around the world. Most likely they went on some great cruise ship where everything, down to the last elephant, was arranged for them. Or, if they went adventurously in a small party, they were so hedged in by couriers and bearers and guides and governesses that their progress held about as much terror as would travelling in a private railway car from Chicago to Pebble Beach.

Now everybody and his brother go around the world. The couriers and bearers and governesses have gone by the board. The world, in short, has become a do-it-yourself operation. You've got to do your own bargaining, order your own meals, find your own taxis, and speak at least eight different languages—fluently.

Travellers are not only tourists any more. They are—perhaps for the most part—businessmen. The president of a small electronics company in Cleveland, whose counterpart forty years ago hardly ventured outside the state of Ohio, now thinks nothing of popping off to Dakar or Madrid or Bombay. But whereas at home he is perfectly capable of pounding the table at his board of directors, he is apt to go mildly to pieces when confronted by a trishaw driven in Singapore. We're all the same: the new, the unexpected, the unfamiliar have a way of upsetting our stomachs. We blame it on the water. But it's not the water, it's us.

Here is where the network of Hiltons acts as a balm, a salve, a glass of Alka-Seltzer. One morning in Istanbul I was having breakfast in a glass-walled room looking out over the Bosporus. At a table nearby was an American businessman—I noticed him because he looked so pleased. He was tall, he was middle-aged, a little overweight, with a face that was round and smooth and unlined. He peered through his glasses at his native breakfast: fresh orange juice, wheat cakes and maple syrup, and plenty of good hot coffee. He was pleased and prepared for the morning's affairs. At that very instant, a few miles away in the Blue Mosque, there were going up calls to heaven which might well have appalled his soul. But did he notice them? Not he.

He felt safe in his oasis. Perhaps that's the figure to use.

Don't tell me it isn't a joy to set down in Iran and discover that you are living at a Waldorf in the wilderness. All you need is a shower in an imperial bathroom (my word, the bathrooms that have been dreamed up around the world) for your shakes to disappear. In a couple of days you feel quite at home in the bazaars of Teheran or the ruins of Isfahan, and even that man in the dining room who seemed, the first night, so exotic, the man who pushed to your table the cart of caviar—pounds and pounds of it—now seems quite usual, part of Things As They Should Be.

THE MAN. It's exhausting even to think of the drive, the planning it took to create these oases. All it's really necessary to remember is that they are not corporate dreams. One man is responsible: Conrad Hilton, the man with the positive mania for the good life. In a very few years he has managed to spread it around the world.

These are his hotels. A half-dozen sites will be suggested to him, but he picks out the one he wants. He decides on the decoration, the management, the advertising, everything. I don't mean that he goes around with a hammer tacking down the carpets—he has a man who does that for him now—but in a pinch he could.

He feels that a hotel should appeal to the people of its city, and that it is therefore sensible that local money be invested in it. In Rome one of the Vatican companies helped finance the Cavalieri Hilton—which may account for the busload of cardinals; in Teheran the Shah's foundation put money in; in Cairo, the government; in Tokyo, a great department store owner, and so on. But in Hong Kong the hotel is owned by a bunch of Texans, which just goes to show.

To attract local people you must have the facilities they need. The Hiltons drip with rooms for conferences, receptions, dances, banquets, and marriages. In Tokyo, for instance, Mr. Hilton is the proprietor of a complete Shinto shrine. A wedding in Japan includes not only the actual ceremony but a long and jolly feast with speeches. During the feasting the bride is obliged to change kimonos a number of times. These formal kimonos are wildly expensive, costing from a thousand to three thousand dollars, an outlay not many families can afford. So Mr. Hilton has bought cupboards full of the kimonos, which he rents. Presumably you can make a package deal for shrine, shrimps, and silk kimonos.

THE DAZZLE. A hotel should be not at all like home. It should knock your eye out.

When I started off, cold, I had an idea that all the hotels would resemble each other. They do not. The Tokyo Hilton is no more like the Athens than a Bud-

dhist temple is like the Erechtheum. The Kahala in Honolulu is a vast fantasy of a comfortable country house, the Amsterdam Hilton is all strictly Dutch modern. The lobbies are without exception enormous; to my surprise you can arouse in yourself a feeling of importance just walking across one.

For Americans service is becoming the ultimate luxury. It is really not easy to arrange anywhere. In London, twenty or thirty nationalities are represented on the hotel staff—Cypriots, Spaniards, you name them—even a few English. All these international manipulations just to make sure that when you order breakfast, you get breakfast, and fast.

Of course, it's in Hong Kong you are spoiled rotten. When you get off the elevator at your floor, your room boy runs to open your door for you, and when you leave your room he runs to ring for the elevator. Home was never like that, and never will be.

And the shopping. Unless

(Continued on page 128)

Beauty Bulletin

(Continued from page 125)

colours, is responsible for a new effort to change hunting clothes from red to yellow. Too many hunters, seeing red grey-ly, have been shooting one another up. Could it be that the pink-coat of the horse-borne hunter will suddenly turn yellow? . . . Eighty-five per cent of our citizens have a dominant eye (and more often than not this eye corresponds, right- or left-wise, to the hand you use). Amblyopia is the fancy name for a deficiency in one eye, and it's the cause of 4% of Selective Service rejections. A reduction in vision that results from nonuse, amblyopia's correction once was thought possible only for the young and only by covering the good eye to make the bad eye work. Now there is a theory being successfully experimented with of blindfolding the errant eye. The idea is to break the visual pattern, and the process is not madly convenient, any way you look at it. The patient reports to a clinic every day for six weeks. But success has encompassed even sixty-year-olds. . . . Meanwhile, the one-eyed-lorgnette (example, page 108) is attractively and wittily ready to help many women see by balancing the lazy eye with the well-behaved one. . . . Smoking and drinking may affect vision, and the investigating eye-specialist is apt to ask how much, if any, you do of these in the course of his inquisition.

Worth while knowing in the eye line: large pupils are more attractive to men. "Dilation and constriction of the pupils reflect not only changes in light intensity but also ongoing mental activity. The response is a measure of interest, emotion, thought processes, and attitudes." So wrote Eckhard H. Hess, a psychologist, about an experiment at the University of Chicago. Presented with identical slides of a young woman—one slide with the pupils enlarged by retouching, the other with pupils diminished by same—a group of men unfailingly picked the big-eyed job. . . . The women of mediaeval times who used belladonna to dilate their pupils knew what they were doing.

Whatever else may come of Op Art (and it's a long way from running out of steam, judging from such indicators as the fabric designs we've seen on the drawing boards for far-distant seasons), Op Art has made almost a gambit of the observation of visual patterns. But long before the term Op was coined, visual observation had a stated place in the education system. "One way to increase your ability to see things," says a schoolchildren's textbook, "is to let your glance linger longer on things. Another trick is to think about what you see. Notice small details," it continues. . . . Its purpose, stated in the stripped-down, see-Jerry-run sentence form that's an arresting science in itself, is to encourage the student to be "not only a person who sees but one who observes. . . . To observe means to see well but also to attach meaning to what you see." In characteristic textbookese, the chapter closes with a question: "How accurate an observer are you?" We'll ask the same. . . .





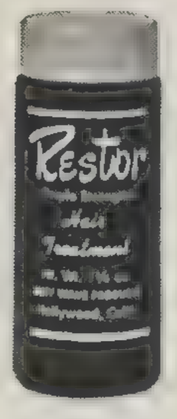


Restor®...

works instantly to restore damaged hair

Restor replaces all vital hair elements destroyed by permanents, tinting, bleaching and weather. Unique, greaseless Restor becomes part of the hair... makes your beautiful new hair-do hold its own. Next to your hairdresser, Restor is the best friend a head of hair could have.

Hair style created by world famous Charles of the Ritz *with Restor*



Follow your beauty expert's advice... let Restor bring natural beauty to your hair.

Write for free Restor folder.
BUTY-WAVE PRODUCTS CO., 7323 Beverly Blvd., Los Angeles 36, Calif.



go ahead, look the world right in the eye.

you "Dare"... by May

May Mfg. Corp. Woodside, N.Y. 11377

YOU CAN EARN $6.00 by selling only 50 cards!

Represent this line of exclusive, personalized

Christmas Cards



Not sold in stores. Dignified —by appointment only. No deliveries, no collections. Liberal commissions. Season now in full swing. For details, write R. K. Johnson:

VAN DORN, LTD.
3919C West Dickens Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60647

A tall glass oasis

(Continued from page 127)

you know a city well, it is at the very least time consuming to dig out the right shops. The Hiltons have solved that by bringing the shops to you. Rome has literally two avenues—practically the whole Condotti: Pucci, Gucci, Bulgari, and all the rest. In Hong Kong the first two floors are nothing but shops. All the bemusing welter of Kowloon is sorted out and set up easily for you. In London the shopping street curves, in Tokyo it zigzags, in Athens there's a garden court where you can buy a Jean Dessès dress at a bargain price. One morning in Rotterdam, the Hilton's Mrs. Evelyn Ritchie conned me into buying an entire field of tulip bulbs and having them shipped home.

Shipped home. That's something to remember. Airplanes being what they are, you can't take the things you buy with you. But at any porter's desk in Hiltondom you can just dump whatever you have, unwrapped, say "send it" and find it safe and sound when you get home.

THE FOOD. We have a national dinner, don't we, we Americans? Shrimp cocktail and a charcoal-broiled steak. All around the Hilton world you may have it. The beef may be from Kobe or Australia or Florence, but it is all marbled and tender. You can also eat other things.

One night Brian Whittacker, Hilton's bright young man in London, asked me to dinner. It was the first day that Whitstable oysters were in season. Exactly a thousand prime ones had come into the market. Hilton had bought five hundred; of those I ate twenty-four. I then had grilled Scotch salmon, a whole bloody bottle of superlative wine, and a cherry tart. I dined.

In Rotterdam I had a soup I had never tasted before. It was half green turtle, half shark's fin, flavoured with curry, with hot cream floating on top. In Istanbul I had the best raspberries I ever ate in my life.

In Rome I was in luck. As I walked into the dining room, there, as headwaiter, was Alfonso Vottola, my old friend, who for years had been a captain at Passetto's, my favourite restaurant. "Where have you *been*?" he said and spread his arms wide. He ordered, of course, but I can't tell you exactly what, for I laughed so much and talked so much and even drank so much that . . . anyway it was superb.

And so on and so on. A hotel fails if it doesn't have great food, and the Hiltons aren't failing.

In Tokyo, the Grill Room is utterly French with a menu a yard long. What I did mostly, though, was sit on the floor with my shoes off in the Japanese garden room and eat *mizutaki* with chopsticks. My neckties suffered to a certain extent, but my stomach didn't.

In Hawaii, I will have to tell you, I had something that tasted like crab meat mixed with pineapple. Could that have been possible? You can't win all the time.

In Hong Kong I didn't eat what the Chinese ate. They sat around the bar having roast beef and Yorkshire pudding and trifle, but I had pigeons and walnuts in Peking sauce.

I have forever had it drummed into my head that, apart from French, Chinese was the great cuisine of the world. I have always taken this, along with chop suey, with a grain of monosodium glutamate.

Not now. Not since I've been to Hong Kong. Now I agree.

THE MOMENT. What in all those long months of travelling from oasis to oasis—of seeing and hearing and feeling and tasting—what is the moment I remember best? I know.

It is Hong Kong again. I must explain that in Hong Kong there is the most jovial law ever put upon the books of any city. Every warship that comes into the harbour must, each night, dress itself from stem to stern in lights. When I was there, twenty warships lay at anchor, English, French, Italian, American.

I stood, my first night, on the glassy roof of the hotel staring down—let me repeat—on that most glorious of harbours, at the twenty ships in full dress, with the ferries and junks and sampans darting in between them, and Kowloon stretched out forever beyond. I . . . well, I stood and stared.

An English dream

(Continued from page 121)

spattered, honest-to-God countryside that stretches away, tree-blurred and cow-studded, towards the distant Chiltern Hills.

To one side of this southern vista is a wood-garden, threaded by meandering mown grass paths, bordered by irregular beds of foxgloves and tradescantia, specie roses and lilium martagon, pink violets, wild pansies, and wild geranium, growing in the shade of linden and plane tree, ilex, birch, and beech. A path leads to a Folly—doubly trompe l'oeil, sham Gothic and sham stone—in a poplar plantation. A wood-within-a-wood of giant cow parsley spreads its white umbels like ceremonial parasols of broderie anglaise. Thrushes and blackbirds sing in the sweetbriar bushes, as the butler, in shirt sleeves, takes his afternoon walk with the dogs.

Behind the wood-garden are the remains of a mediaeval moat, lined with trees and shrubs chosen for their autumn colouring, and alive with goldfish and ducks. The floor of a nut grove on the bank is carpeted with spring bulbs, primulas, columbine, and hellebore.

At the far end of a straight path, neat as an indoor passage with a wallpaper of mock orange and white roses, a stone urn is silhouetted against an arch of clouds and sky. Laburnum hedges, beech hedges, alleys of hornbeams flanked by apple trees, lead to the walled garden that is Haseley's second glory: a vast enclosure of lawn and flowers, vegetables, and fruit where roses, lilies, and delphiniums are interspersed with raspberries and strawberries, red currants and weeping mulberries, chives, lettuces, artichokes, and beets. The flower smells are indescribable. A combination of Canterbury bells, rosa mundi, and buddleia, shot through with lavender and pinks.

A succession of lesser gardens in courtyards brings one around to the back path to the house. Through a topiary "parlour" one comes at last to the back hall, with its baskets and secateurs and umbrellas, and a multicoloured Leaning Tower of Pisa of straw gardening hats.

When Mrs. Lancaster finally returns from London, she slips through the house into the garden unnoticed, to catch up with her day's work. It is only by chance that one comes upon her in the walled garden, decapitating old-fashioned French roses in double-quick time. With a wide hat slanted audaciously on her head, she has the air of a Gainsborough duchess, only partially disguised by sunglasses and a cigarette.

Without interrupting the head-cutting, she answers every question. Her conversation is a masterly gardener's blend of satisfaction and diffidence, apparent vagueness and exact, expert knowledge. "I warned you, the place looks awful. . . . The rose in the corner? Zéphirine Drouhin. . . . The walled garden was a hayfield. . . . I started the wood-garden last year. It doesn't amount to anything as yet. . . ."

Encouraged in spite of herself, she moves on from garden to garden. "These irises along the duck-moat will have to come out. I'm bored with irises near water. . . . I have a thing about elders, though; golden elders especially. . . . The idea of a nut wood wasn't mine; it was a suggestion of Charles de Noailles. . . . That thing? *Bocconia lactifolia*. . . . There used to be a ghastly Maiden's Bower here, but I pulled it down. . . ."

Later in the evening, at dinner, it is impossible not to compare her with her famous aunt, her mother's sister, the American-born Nancy Langhorne who, as Lady Astor, was the first woman ever to be elected to the British House of Commons, and had a fearless way of tangling indiscriminately with the great and the would-be great. The family resemblance is marked and unmistakable. Both women have the same unbridled, New World way with the unsuspected possibilities of English; the same talent for effortless epigram; the same capacity to turn an awkward situation to advantage with a phrase like something from a Marx Brothers movie or a comic strip. Lady Astor's butler at Cliveden, on announc-

(Continued on page 132)

You probably can't think of one good reason to switch tampons.



Meds gives you three.

1. smooth glossy applicator (for easier insertion)
2. smooth slimmer plunger (for correct positioning)
3. smooth no-fluff-off covering (for easier, complete removal)

There is no better protection. Meds, a tampon you will be very glad to discover.
Meds®, the new Modess® tampon.

Enjoy fashion elegance...
subscribe to "Elégance" the full season coverage Haute Couture magazine with every page in full color...text in French, English, German. Start with fabulous Fall/Winter edition, **now available.** Elégance is published in Europe for women of impeccable taste. Also available at your favorite newsdealer.



Please mail „Elégance" each season as checked. Rush copy of current issue. Enclosed find remittance for:

- ☐ 1 year (two issues) $ 5.00
- ☐ 2 years (four issues) $ 8.00
- ☐ 3 years (six issues) $ 11.00
- ☐ single Swatched Edition $ 7.50

Name
Address
City
State Zip Code
V65B

Send to: Elégance, Box 20, J. F. Kennedy International Airport, New York 11430
In Canada: P.O. Box 2148, Vancouver 2, B.C.

BEAUTY AND THE BLEACH



No fairy tale this, but a fact! *Problems fade* with Jolen Creme Bleach . . . the fabulous new cosmetic that bleaches superfluous hair on face, arms and legs. Like magic, medically approved Jolen turns dark hair pale blond to blend with your own skin tones. Be a beauty . . . try JCB now!

JOLEN INC.
Box 561, V7, Fairfield, Conn.

Name_____ ☐ $2.20 Reg. Size (¾ oz.)
Address_____ ☐ $5.50 Giant Size (3¾ oz.)
City_____ Zone____ State_____
Price incl. Fed. Tax and P.P. charges. Money back guarantee. No C.O.D.'s.

GROWS . . . REAL FINGERNAILS



Not a base coat, build-up or lacquer-hardener, a new scientific base penetrating liquid that preserves the entire fingernail on contact. Will grow fingernails on anyone. 30 day free trial—money back guarantee costs you nothing if not delighted. Full year's supply only $3.50 plus 35c F. E. Tax and 15c postage.

PERSONAL IMPROVEMENT INSTITUTE
V7, 4311 E. Carson St.,
Long Beach, Calif. 90808

DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER



Gripping points coated with FINE DIAMOND PARTICLES. These tweezers first used in Micro-Surgery and micro fine work, now available for the discriminating eyebrow. Foolproof grip holds the finest hair firmly.



I. KASSOY INC.
30 WEST 47th ST., NEW YORK 36, N.Y.



NON-SWIMMERS SWIM INSTANTLY

Yes, now, you too can swim — a new, easy way — FAST — with original SWIM-EZY®, the ONLY U.S. Patent-approved invisible swim aid, lasts for years. Weighs only 4 oz., 1/25" thin, with adjust. capacity, is worn invisible and unnoticeable under any reg. bathing suit or swim trunks. Nonswimmers swim quickly and easily, with little effort. Poor swimmers look like champions. Relax and join the water fun. Order your improved SWIM-EZY® today. Beware of cheap, useless imitations. Send only $7.95 plus 32¢ tax in Calif. Give WAIST SIZE. 10 day money back guar. Airmail add 42¢. Swim-Ezy Mfr., 2245 N. Lake Ave., Dept. V-639, Altadena, Calif. 91001.

BERNARDO
JEWELLED THONGS



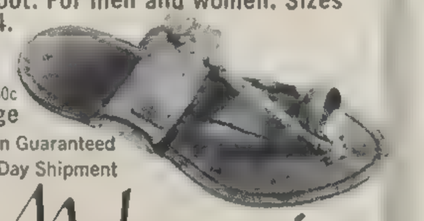
All leather flat with black padded hand stitched sole. Rhinestone studded cross strap from which hang pear shaped stones in tones of amethyst, aquamarine, and sapphire. Rhinestones stud the toe ring. Bernado quality.

Sizes 4 to 11 — FLATS $13.95 plus 50c postage; HEELS $16.95

Ben Hur Sandals

Imported — rugged — to wear at home or on the beach. Natural water buffalo hide with hand stitched toe ring and cross strap. Wear in the water — shower or sea — will mold to your foot. For men and women. Sizes 3 to 14.

$8.95 plus 50c postage



Satisfaction Guaranteed
Same Day Shipment

Maharani

89 W. 5th Ave., V7, Scottsdale, Arizona

VOGUE'S

Tile finds . . . and some July-fresh ideas about linen, leather, evening slippers



This month we cased the ceramic-tile situation in New York. Couldn't be better—for walls, floors, patios, hearths: a bright abundance. Herewith our findings.

Frost Ceramic Imports, 333 East 46th Street. Portuguese tiles a specialty: solid colours in marvellous textures (2), flower tiles in bloomy colours (1, 3).

Country Floors, 214 East 26th Street. France, Italy, Spain, Portugal are the source of terra-cotta floor tiles, peasant tiles, copies of old designs, vivid abstractions—e.g., geometric blue, green, gold (4); same colours swirled on 10″-squares (5).

Bon Marché, 78 Fifth Avenue, for Spanish and Portuguese wall tiles. The graph-paper motif from Spain (6): terra-cotta with tiny checks of mustard and white.

Three Castle's Creations, 5212 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. John Trecastelli designs his own, but will also make tiles from your ideas . . . for floors, walls, indoors, out. Here, Paisley (8) and mums (10): black-and-white.

Three Centuries, 202 East 56th Street—land of plenty for both traditional and contemporary patterns. Most from France and Italy, many available nowhere else in this country. Tiles above: a pair of Matisse reproductions (7, 13); French sunflower (9); lobster (11); cockatoo (12); apple (14); flowers from Italy (15).

SHOP HOUND



Linen—open all summer
The marvellous open, airy weave of hand-crocheted beige linen for a summer suit—double-breasted jacket and narrow skirt, scalloped at every edge. Lined in net. Sizes 6 to 16; $290. By Constance Montague for Martha of the Savoy Hilton, New York.



New age of leather
Adorable look for the small, smart spender—an over-the-head wraparound skimmer in bright tomato-red leather, lined in red-and-yellow printed calico, worn over its own matching calico bloomers. Sizes 1-6x. Most colours. $25. Designed by Witman-Reals for the Boutique at Enrico Caruso, 110 East 55th St., N.Y. 22.



JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON

Fresh faces for vamps
If the shoe fits, give it a new evening face—glinting buckles . . . satin bows. Curved across the vamp of the black silk pump here: cut steel backed with black faille. Standing alone: a stand-up buckle of cut steel on black faille. Buckles, $10 the pair. White satin bow, $2. By Bernard Abrams. Altman's, 361 Fifth Avenue, N.Y. 16.

PRICES PLUS POSTAGE, UNLESS OTHERWISE NOTED

SHOP HOUND ADDRESS BOOK









SHOP HOUND ADDRESS BOOK

NEW! SAFE AUTOMATIC HAIR REMOVER



SAFELY REMOVES UNWANTED HAIR FOREVER



PERMA TWEEZ! Easy-to-use, **automatic action*** safely and permanently removes all unwanted hairs from face, arms, legs and body. This revolutionary 'one step' home electrolysis unit is the **only** instrument with special U.S. Patented safety feature that destroys hair root **without** puncturing skin. "Tweezer-like" action with safe and permanent results. Send check or M.O. **14 day money back guarantee.**

$14.95 *ppd.*

**Patents in U.S., Britain, France & others pending.*

PROFESSIONALLY ENDORSED

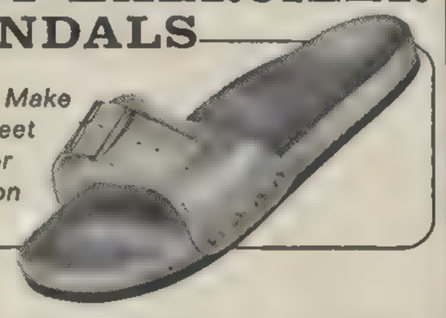
GENERAL MEDICAL CO., Dept. V-36
7906 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, California 90046
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY ..... STATE.....
MFR. OF PROFESSIONAL & HOME ELECTROLYSIS EQUIPMENT

Go Barefoot European Style!
with Dr. Scholl's



FOOT EXERCIZER SANDALS

Styled to Make Your Feet Fit for Fashion



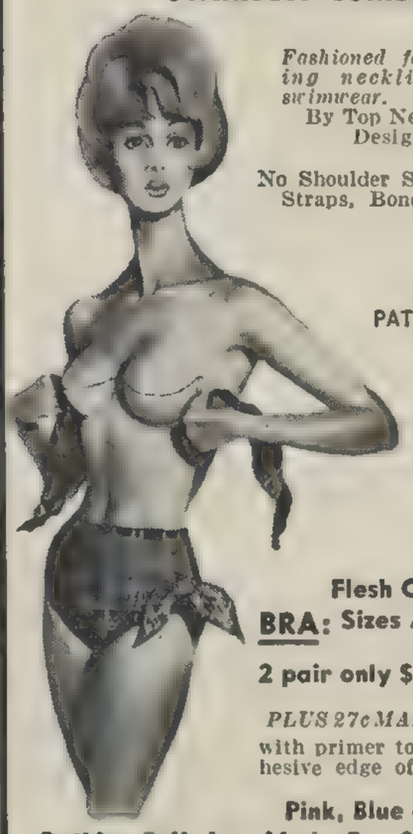
Already a rage in Europe, now available in America. During the day, when fashion doesn't dictate wearing high heels, just put on a pair of Dr. Scholl's FOOT EXERCIZER SANDALS.

Special contour design encourages natural toe "gripping" action when walking. Provides stimulating exercise for strengthening foot muscles. Maintains elasticity of healthy feet.

What an easy, wonderful way to make your feet fit for fashion. Adjustable strap for extra comfort.

Send $9.95 with outline of both feet in standing position to DR. SCHOLL'S, Dept. 46Z7-5, Chicago, Ill. 60610

NEW UPLIFT BRA AND SWIMSUIT COMBINATION



Fashioned for plunging necklines and swimwear.
By Top New York Designer

No Shoulder Straps, Back Straps, Bones or Wires

PAT. NO. 2728076

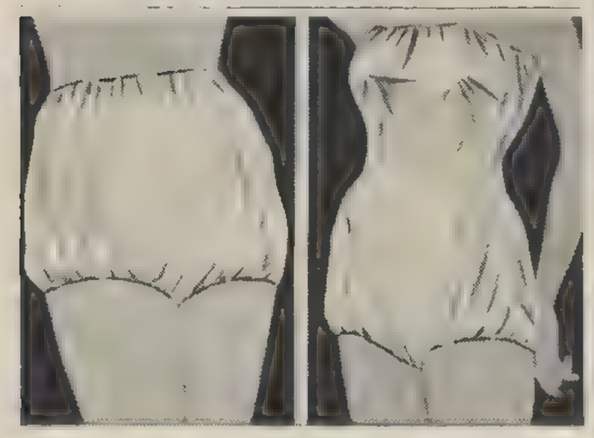
Flesh Color
BRA: Sizes A, B, or C

2 pair only $2.98

PLUS 27¢ MAIL & HDLG.
with primer to restore adhesive edge of bra.

Pink, Blue or Plaid.
Bathing Suit: Lg., Med., Sm. $15—Ppd.

Send check or MO to:
BLEUETTE, INC. 509 5th Ave., Dept. 177 New York, N.Y. 10017



SHED MOISTURE WEIGHT

Now Shed moisture weight works on steam bath principle, effective at work or asleep. Can be worn without detection.

Panties—for waist & hips	$2.50
Knee-Pants—for waist to knee	2.95
Chemise—for bust to thigh	3.95
Long-Pants—for waist to ankle	4.95

Send measurements with check or money order to (Sorry no COD's):

GRAHAM ENTERPRISES
P. O. Box 7219, Dept. V-75
Los Angeles 22, Calif.

SHOP HOUND

your best way

to market by mail

—the quick reference

for new ideas

in gifts

and giving

An English dream

(Continued from page 129)

ing his wish to leave her service, was surprised to be told that he was "absolutely right. Tell me where you're going, and I'll come with you." Mrs. Lancaster, faced with a domestic crisis of her own, simply had not time for her chef's attempt to give notice. "If it were a string of pearls, I might accept it."

Lady Astor loved Haseley, and lived there for a while before her death. Aunt and niece understood one another perfectly. The Langhorne family link was famously strong. The niece is essentially less of a crusader than the aunt (who was among other things a dedicated prohibitionist) and more of a creative artist. Her wit is just as salty and reckless, but less occupationally provocative, impertinent, and acidulous. Not that she isn't ironically sensitive to the foibles of her fellow humans, even of her best-loved relatives. "The Langhornes made their own alcohol. Give Aunt Nancy a chocolate and you might as well have given her a bottle of champagne." The dons of a celebrated Oxford college, who had called Mrs. Lancaster in to advise on interior decoration and had shown her one of their own decorative efforts, might have been less self-confident if they had heard her private verdict: "Underwear ribbon, crushed caterpillar, and elephant's breath."

But, characteristically, her irony is most often directed against herself. "It took me a century to realize I wasn't a tall brunette." She quotes Lady Astor's comment on her niece's differences of opinion with her friend and colleague, John Fowler, of Colefax & Fowler: "Frankly, the unhappiest unmarried couple I have ever met."

In plain fact, the Fowler–Lancaster collaboration has been one of the most lively and fruitful in the flourishing postwar English decorating world. Haseley itself, inside and out, is the best proof of the joint capacity of two such complementary characters and minds. John Fowler's flair for detail, sense of colour, exquisite workmanship, and his firm's unrivalled efficiency and experience, have been perfect allies for Mrs. Lancaster's own talent for placing her possessions, and her instinctive feeling for furniture, almost a private understanding with beautiful things, as though she could call to them and they would come to her—the sort of mysterious entente some women seem to have with horses or birds.

The hall of Haseley is wide and airy yet warm and welcoming, architecturally imposing, but vibrant with the deep red of curtains and window seats, the blue and white of porcelain, the gold and brown and red of portraits, the scarlet and mauve of geraniums and heliotropes, massed. Blue and white, bottle-shaped K'ang Hsi vases stand on a splendid George III gilt table with an even more venerable scagliola top embodying Jacobite emblems. An eighteenth-century "teapot" chair in blue-and-white needlework on a background of faded red and an ancient hide sleeping chair hint that this is not just a hall to be passed through, but a room where people sit and talk.

Short of transcribing Haseley's voluminous inventory verbatim, there is no hope of doing justice to its contents. A brief selection from the inventory is not without romance:

"Early George II painted side table with a fine slab of Derbyshire marble, lion-paw feet, frieze carved with Vitru-

Before starting to use EYE-CARE*



BAGGY EYES? WEAR EYE-CARE*

EYE-CARE can help you eliminate puffiness under your eyes. Worn while you sleep, EYE-CARE will help you look younger and more attractive. EYE-CARE contains sleeping mask with special attachment to help eliminate puffiness. $15.95 ppd. No C.O.D. Dept. V.

Ann Rudo

50 E. 72nd Street, New York, N.Y.

**Patent Pending*



After using EYE-CARE* for 2 to 3 weeks

vian scrolls, and shells, acanthus leaves, and festoons of flowers.

"Pair of superb Chinese Chippendale girandoles with gilt wood frames comprising crowing cocks, busts of huntsmen, and a blackamoor as base in full colour and relief, dressed *à la chinoise* and holding candles: from Ditchley.

"Part of a set of Regency black-painted chairs with chinoiserie figures and pagodas, illustrated in Jourdain: *Regency Furniture,* and *Dictionary of English Furniture,* Volume II.

"Pair of chinoiserie bedside tables, from the Brighton Pavilion, with painted quatrefoil tops hung with bells."

A catalogue could never hope to explain Haseley's timeless charm; the sensitivity of its innumerable arrangements; its blend of knowledge and love. Above all, an authentic air of country life seeps into every part of this rich interior of gilt and marble, silk, lacquer, and porcelain to produce an unforgettable impression not of styles in particular but of the impalpable human quality that is purely and simply Style itself.

At best one can identify certain characteristics common to each room in turn. Windows are exploited to the full: everywhere, drapery becomes a form of sculpture. Portraits, frankly chosen for their decorative value, run the gamut between grandeur and sentiment from seventeenth-century Sir Thomas Lee of Hartwell House to Aunt Irene Langhorne, wife of Charles Dana Gibson and the original Gibson Girl.

It is a pleasure to come downstairs to a dining-room breakfast, to eat and read, sitting in one of the high-backed chairs at either end of the George I mahogany table, or in one of a set of two dozen rare, and rarely comfortable, William IV green buttoned-leather dining chairs, while the morning light gently floods the room from between flowered chintz curtains.

Even the finest summer weather can hardly drag one from the library, with its bookshelves almost reaching to the ceiling, its royal Hanoverian miniatures and Wedgwood medallions and First World War

(Continued on page 135)

VOGUE'S TRAVELOG

A Directory of Fine Hotels and Resorts
Write for reservations to these—"As Seen in Vogue"

California

ESCONDIDO



The Golden Door

Southern California's most luxurious resort-beauty spa, in secluded hills 11 miles from Pacific. Relax, revive, reduce on schedule with exercise expert Anne-Marie Bennstrom. Exclusive women's retreat (men's weeks, Aug. 29, Sept. 5, Sept. 12, Nov. 28, Dec. 5, Dec. 12). Reservations limited to 18. Gorgeous, one-of-a-kind accommodations. American plan. $500 to $550 per week. Write Escondido, California.

LET VOGUE'S TRAVELOG assist you in making plans for your holiday. Enjoy the hospitality of the hotels we list for your pleasure.

Colorado

DENVER



Brown Palace Hotel

Elegance and superb service have been identified with the Brown for 70 years. Recent completion of a new tower area and motor lobby brings its capacity to 600 rooms, all air-conditioned and furnished in marvelous good taste. A 500-car garage adjoins the hotel, which is located in the better business district of Mile-High Denver. For social or business gatherings, there is a selection of eleven beautifully-appointed, completely equipped, air-conditioned private function rooms; the ballroom accommodates up to 800. For reservations, rates or information, write Mr. Karl Mehlmann, General Manager, or phone 825-3111, Denver.

Maine

KENNEBUNK BEACH

THE NARRAGANSETT BY-THE-SEA. Beautiful sandy beach, lawn luncheons. Delicious Maine meals with lobster, seafood. Cocktail Lounge. Box 82.

KENNEBUNKPORT

SHAWMUT INN. Ocean front resort. Restful, informal. 60 rooms, 18 cottages. Chalet Motor Lodge. Heated pool. Fine Food. Cocktails. Open May 27.

NEW ENGLAND OFFERS YOU a wonderful vacation four seasons. Make your summer trip include the numerous inns we've listed for your pleasure.

Massachusetts

NANTUCKET ISLAND

TREADWAY INNS. Jared Coffin House, The White Elephant, Harbor House. Write or call Doug Heisler: Jared Coffin House, Nantucket. 617-228-2400.

New Hampshire

WHITEFIELD



Mountain View House

Friendly informality, good food, charming setting—these are the traditions of hospitality of the Dodge family for four generations. Distinguished clientele. Golf, tennis, swimming, shuffleboard, movies, dancing, outdoor luncheons and other entertainment. Cocktail lounge. June through October $17 to $22 Amer. Plan. Special rates for honeymooners. 185 guest rooms.

New Jersey

ATLANTIC CITY

MARLBOROUGH-BLENHEIM. On Boardwalk. Modern Wing. Original charm with new decor. Pvt. beach entrance. Outdoor pool. Inclusive Vacation Plans.

SPRING LAKE BEACH

THE WARREN. Direct ocean front. Private beach, club & pool. Supervised play for children. All sports. Fred O. Cosgrove, Owner-Manager.

North Carolina

CASHIERS

HIGH HAMPTON INN & COUNTRY CLUB. In Blue Ridge Mtns. Private 18-hole, par 71 golf course, tennis, stables. 4 lakes. May 14-Oct. 17. Write Dept. V.

Pennsylvania

BEDFORD SPRINGS



Bedford Springs Hotel

3000-acre resort hotel located high in Allegheny Mountains. Largest and finest in Western Pennsylvania. 18-hole championship golf course. Indoor and new outdoor swimming pool, plus lake swimming. Tennis, Dancing, Summer Playhouse, Boating. Planned social activities. Superb cuisine. Special overnight guest rates. For reservations or brochure write L. Gardner Moore, President & General Manager.

EAGLES MERE

CRESTMONT INN. Family cottages, rooms with views. Fine meals. Sports. Heated pool, large natural lake. Open to Sept. 20. 17 Lake Dr., Eagles Mere.

South Carolina

HILTON HEAD ISLAND



The William Hilton Inn

Parents laze around the pool or beach, while children are entertained by our staff from 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. The kids go "crabbing", romp in the gentle surf, explore historic ruins, enjoy picnics. They love it. Meanwhile, for grownups there's golf, tennis, fishing, riding . . . with delightful food, entertainment nightly at our oceanfront Inn. Write Box 90 for complete information on the Inn, Golf Villas, cottages available for rental or homesites.

MIDDLEBURY

MIDDLEBURY INN, U.S. 7. New England hospitality at its best. Folder. Call DU 8-4961. Sidney McCartney, Mgr. A Colonial Inn with a Contemporary Flair.

MT. SNOW



Snow Lake Lodge

Overlooking lake and mountains. Deluxe rooms, gourmet cuisine. Learn to Golf Weeks on new championship course. Water-skiing, sailing, swimming, fishing, riding, tennis. Japanese Dream Pools; outdoor heated swimming pool. Indoor ice skating. 2 -mile-long aerial gondola. Sky car tramway from lodge to mountain. Summer theatre, concerts, dancing, entertainment. Plus—world's largest fountain. Write: Box 45, Snow Lake Lodge, Mt. Snow, Vt. Phone: 802-464-3331.

VERGENNES

BASIN HARBOR CLUB. On Lake Champlain. Golf (18-hole course), tennis, new 75 foot pool, water sports. Private airstrip. N.Y. Res: LT 1-6595.

WARREN



The Sugarbush Inn

In Vermont's loveliest mountain country, gracious, varied and unhurried. Championship golf on our new 18-hole course designed by Robert Trent Jones. A dining room rich in Early American charm with continental flair. Tennis, riding, swimming; poolside luncheon deck—a dining terrace encompassing all outdoors. Warm welcome for 90 guests. Phone 496-3301 (802) or write us at Warren 6, Vt. for color brochure.

Vermont

Bahamas

NASSAU



Emerald Beach Hotel

Oceanfront, with private ⅓ mile beach. Pool, pitch 'n' putt course, tennis, golf, all water sports. Landscaped gardens. Entertainment nightly. Air conditioned, open all year. See travel agent or call JU 6-4500, N. Y.; 939-1040, Chicago; LA 3-4497, Boston; RE 7-2642, Washington; FR 1-6661, Miami; RI 1-6814, Dallas; MA 6-7581, Los Angeles; YU 2-6905, San Francisco; MU 2-1981, Seattle; EM 3-2693, Toronto.

Write us for our booklet entitled The Condé Nast Travel Aids. There will be no charge for this booklet. We hope that it will give you helpful suggestions on places to stay on your vacation. Write to **Vogue, % The Condé Nast Travel Aids, 420 Lexington Ave., New York 17.**

VOGUE'S SCHOOL DIRECTORY

For advice: write Vogue's School Bureau, 420 Lexington Ave., N.Y. 10017, or call MU 9-5900

Boys' Schools

PEEKSKILL

College preparatory school with military training. Grades 7-12. Graduates successful in college. Small classes. Advanced studies available. Gym, pool. Sports for all. 133rd yr. Catalog: **Box V-7, Peekskill Military Academy, Peekskill, N. Y.**

BORDENTOWN MILITARY

Fully accredited. College preparatory and general courses. Grades 8-12. ROTC. Boys taught how to study. Small classes. Individual attention. Sports for all. Near Trenton. 84th yr. Summer session. Catalog. **Registrar, Box 246, Bordentown, N. J.**

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT ACAD.

Fully accredited. Grades 8-12. Preparation for all colleges, gov't academies. Testing, guidance for college, career. Naval science. Sports, pool, gyms; boats, bands. Summer school & camp. Catalog. **Admiral Farragut Academy, Box V, Toms River, N.J.**

FORK UNION MILITARY

Our One Subject Plan in Upper School (grades 9-12) has increased honor roll 50%. Develops concentration. Accredited. ROTC highest rating. Modern bldgs., 2 gyms, pools. Separate Jr. School, grades 5-8. 67th yr. Catalog. **Dr. J. C. Wicker, Box 907, Fork Union, Va.**

ADMIRAL FARRAGUT ACAD.

Fully accredited. Grades 7-12. Prepares for all colleges, gov't. academies. Naval science. Small classes. Guidance. On Bay near Gulf beaches. Sports. Pool. Gym. Boats. Band. Catalog. **Admiral Farragut Academy, Pres., Box 11448, St. Petersburg 33, Fla.**

FLORIDA AIR ACADEMY

New color catalog shows advanced academic extra-curricular plan. Accredited college prep 10-12 at Melbourne. Grades 1-9 Ft. Lauderdale. Sports, space, flight optional. Write for photos & detailed description. **Florida Air Academy, Melbourne 19A, Fla.**

Cheshire

Upper School Grades 9 to 12
Junior School Grades 6 to 8

Thorough grounding in subjects anticipating advanced college preparatory study on same campus. Emphasis on all fundamentals. Flexible program for each boy developing good habits of concentration. Separate classes, dormitories, school activities in stimulating background. Remedial instruction. Summer session. ***Arthur V. Sheriff, Headmaster, Cheshire, Conn.***

WATKINSON

Effective education for living for 125 boys. Thorough college preparation. Emphasis on study techniques. Individual counseling and guidance. Faculty-student ratio 1:7. Grades 7-12. Enrollments accepted grades 7-11. Sports for all. 65-acre country campus. 102nd year.

Catalog: Admissions Secretary
190 Bloomfield Ave., Hartford 5, Conn.

Laurelcrest Preparatory School

Graduates attend leading colleges and universities. Boys with college potential developed through individual guidance, small classes, and select faculty. Honors courses. Beautiful campus, pool, sports. Grades 9-12. Also summer. Catalog.

Russell G. Grenon, Ph.D., Headmaster
Box V **Bristol, Conn.**

GARLAND

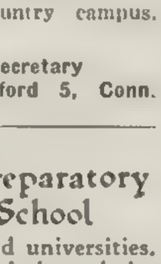
DEVOTED TO THE INDIVIDUAL EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM

To restore a boy's confidence, arouse his aspirations, correct study habits. Personalized instruction for acceleration. Faculty-student ratio 1-4. College preparation. Boys 13-19. All sports. Near Princeton. Catalog. **Also summer program.**

Philip Lincoln Garland, Ed., Box 700, Chester, N. J.

STAUNTON

MILITARY ACADEMY



In Beautiful Shenandoah Valley. Thorough college preparation; fully accredited. Individual guidance. Band. All sports. 2 gyms. Pool. Fine health record. Fireproof buildings. Separate Junior School. Illus. Catalog write Supt. S.M.A. Box V-7, Staunton, Va.

BASIC COURSE R.O.T.C. BY U. S. ARMY INSTRUCTORS. **Founded 1860**

Boys' Schools

KEMPER

Military School & College. Fully accredited boys' prep, Jr. College. Small classes. Fine faculty. Counseling. How To Study Program. Jr., Sr. ROTC. Sports Social activities. Education for leadership since 1844. Catalog: **705 Third St., Boonville, Mo.**

HOWE MILITARY SCHOOL

Separate Jr. & Sr. Schools, grades 6-8 & 9-12. Thorough academic training in spiritual environment. Accred. prep. Sr. Basic ROTC. Jrs. have own dorm, housemother, sports. Episcopal. Est. 1884. Catalog. **B. B. Bouton, 1575 Academy Pl., Howe, Indiana.**

JUNIOR MILITARY ACADEMY

Chicago. Boys 6-14. Advancement at individual ability. Testing, guidance and counseling under supervision of certified Guidance Director. Summer school. Camp. Tuition, $130 month. **D. V. Patterson, Dean, 5026 S. Greenwood, Chicago 15, Ill. (DR 3-6737)**

WILLIAMS MILITARY ACAD.

Accredited. Boys 7-15. Full curriculum. All sports. 18-acre campus. New fireproof buildings: classrooms, gym. 25 miles from Chicago. Moderate rate. Also summer camp. Write for catalog, or call: **Col. P. E. Williams, Dept. V, Wheaton, Ill. Tel: MO 8-1048.**

WESTERN MILITARY ACAD.

Emphasis on self-confidence, self-direction, how-to-study. Small classes, guidance. Grades 7-12. Career analysis. Jr.-Sr. R.O.T.C. Athletics; riding, pool. 87th yr. Near St. Louis. Catalog: **Col. Ralph B. Jackson, Supt., Box V-7, Alton, Ill.**

NORTHWESTERN

Military and Naval Academy at Lake Geneva. College prep. Lake shore campus. Est. 1888. Accredited. Small classes. College Board center. Episcopal-related. Expert guidance. ROTC. Sports. New gym. Catalogs. **47 S. Lake Shore Rd., Lake Geneva, Wis.**

St. John's MILITARY ACADEMY

Where each boy is encouraged to develop fully as a scholar, a Christian and a citizen. Dynamic St. John's System of teaching prepares boys for leading colleges. Accredited. Grades 8-12. Small classes, individual instruction and guidance. Reading Clinic. ROTC. Sports program includes crew, riding, flying, golf. 300-acre campus, 26 miles from Milwaukee. Summer Camp. 81st year. Catalog: **Director of Admissions, Box 975, Delafield, Wisconsin.**



Write to the colleges or schools which interest you, mentioning VOGUE. Be sure to give proposed entrance date, age and grade at present, type of course you prefer.

Foreign Schools

LA CHÂTELAINIE

Internat. School for Girls, 14-20. Am. H.S. college prep and finishing. Also P.G. school. Languages, Home Economics, Sec'l. Sports. Mountain Branch at Vermala. Open all the year. Tours in Europe.
La Châtelainie, Saint-Blaise/Neuchâtel, Switzerland

Post Graduate Year in France

Intensive courses in French language, literature, history. French spoken exclusively except English classes and European literature. Fine arts and studio arts. Prerequisites: 2 years French, high school diploma. College Boards, excursions, travel.

Sponsored by
THE AMERICAN SCHOOL in SWITZERLAND
M. Crist Fleming, Director
Lugano—Montagnola, Switzerland
Write: N.Y. Rep., 155 E. 55th St., N.Y.C. 10022

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE OF SWITZERLAND

Two-year liberal arts program offering a standard American curriculum preparatory to advanced studies. American administration & faculty—native language instructors, small classes, low student-faculty ratio. Coed. Boarding. Located in Alpine resort and sports center above Lake Geneva.

Write: Dean of Adm., Leysin 2, Switz.

Coeducational Schools

INTERLOCHEN ARTS ACAD.

Coed college prep school. Grades 8-12. Music, Art, Drama, Dance. Superb Symphony Orchestra. Small classes; individualized programs. Academy an outgrowth of National Music Camp. **Joseph E. Maddy, Rm. 11, Interlochen Arts Acad., Interlochen, Mich.**

KERN SCHOOL ON THE GULF

Boarding school for boys and girls year around. Grades 1 to 12. Private tutoring. Individual accelerated and remedial programs. College preparatory. **923 East Beach, Pass Christian, Mississippi.**

FENSTER RANCH SCHOOL

Fully accredited ranch school for boys and girls. Grades 1-12. College preparatory. Excellent facilities and staff. Riding, swimming, other activities in warm, dry climate. For catalog write **Mr. G. W. Fenster, Director, Box 6230, Tucson, Arizona.**

JUDSON IN ARIZONA
A Coed Ranch School



Healthful, warm, dry climate. In Paradise Valley, near Phoenix. College preparatory. Grades 1-12 (boarding 5-12). Small classes. Accredited. Riding included in tuition. Tennis, swimming, fishing. Pack trips, rodeo, roping, riflery, music. 37th year.

Brochure on request.
D. V. Wick, Hdm., Scottsdale, Ariz.

Southwood College

Coed. Grades 9 to 12. 1 yr. Post Grad. Jr. College. Accredited. Individual counselling. Supervised study. Reading program. Complete social activities. Sports. Semi-military program for boys. Combining Edwards Military and Pineland College. Catalog.

Willard J. Blanchard, Pres., Box V, Salemburg, N. C.

Girls' Schools

ANOAKIA

RESIDENT AND DAY STUDENTS
College preparatory grades 9 through 12. Middle School grades 5 through 8. Music, art, riding, tennis, outdoor pool. **Headmistress: Miss Margaret E. Hill, 701 W. Foothill Blvd., Arcadia, Calif.**

RADFORD SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

Accredited college preparation in ideal climate. Open air classes in patio. Music, art, dramatics, secretaryship. Sports, riding. Not for profit. Limited enrollment. Est. 1910. Catalog. **Lucinda de L. Templin, Ph.D., 4502 Austin Terrace, El Paso, Texas 79903**

Saint Ann's of Boca Raton

College preparatory boarding school for girls of all denominations. Episcopal. Grades 7-12. Liberal Arts, Humanities stressed. New ocean-front campus; private beach. Athletics; 7 acres of playing fields. Finishing year abroad. Write: **The Rev. Hunter Wyatt-Brown, Dir., Dept. V, P.O. Box 1047, Boca Raton, Florida 33432.**

Girls' Schools

ST. ANNE'S SCHOOL

Episcopal. Grades 8-12. Strong Liberal Arts college preparatory curriculum. Latin, French, Spanish. Art, music, activities. Riding, tennis. University of Virginia cultural events. Established 1910.
Margaret D. Jefferson, Charlottesville 10, Virginia.

ACADEMY OF ST. BENEDICT

Conducted by the Benedictine Sisters. Girls, grades 9-12. College prep, commercial & general courses. Small classes. New 40-acre campus overlooking Lake Mendota. Activities, sports. Resident & Day. Write: **Fox Bluff, Box 5070-C, Madison, Wisconsin 53705**

THE FERRY HALL SCHOOL

LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS. EST. 1869
Accred. college prep., grades 9-12. Small classes. Sports. Music, art, drama. On Chicago's North Shore. Summer Program in English for credit, 10th, 11th, 12th grades. **Marian W. Smith, Box 175, Lake Forest, Ill.**

THE KNOX SCHOOL

A distinctive country boarding and day school. College preparatory. General course. Grades 9-12. Small classes. Riding, all sports. New gym. N.Y. trips to concerts, theatre, UN, opera. 61st year. Catalog: **Registrar, Box 7-V, St. James, L.I., N.Y.**

GRIER SCHOOL

Two accredited Col. Prep. Courses. New class rms. & labs. All boarding for 223. 1000 acres incl. 4 farms. Riding, indoor & out, stables for 50 horses. Skiing, skating, team sports, gym, pool, 6 tennis cts., 2 ath. fields. 113th yr. **T. C. Grier, Box 67, Tyrone, Pa.**

OAK GROVE

Friends School for Girls. Preparation for College & Gracious Purposeful Living. Music, Art, Speech. Gr. 7-12. Internat. enroll. Riding. Winter Spts. New Gym, Science Hall. Auditorium complete fireproof Quad. **Mr. & Mrs. Robert Owen, Box 121, Vassalboro, Me.**

CHAPEL HILL

Carefully supervised college prep & general courses. Grades 7-12. Small classes. Moderate rate. Music, art, drama. Typewriting. Social, athletic, creative activities. Swimming pool. Also Summer Session. **Wilfred V. Clark, 327 Lexington St., Waltham, Mass.**

MIRAMAR

Sound college preparation for girls, grades 9-12, postgraduate. Small classes. Emphasis on study skills. Ocean-front estate. Swimming, tennis, riding, golf, skiing. **Mr. & Mrs. Roy S. Penner, Miramar, Box B, Bellevue Avenue, Newport, Rhode Island.**

Ask Vogue for school information.

Junior College

GREENBRIER



Junior College & 2 yrs. H.S. for young women. 154th year. Liberal Arts and Career Courses. Personal guidance. Outstanding social, sports programs.

Addah Belle McClaskey, Director of Admissions, Box V, Lewisburg, W. Va.

TO HELP YOU . . . .

in your search for a school or college, we include this coupon. Please complete and mail to us at address at the top of page.

Mr.
Mrs._____
Miss

Address_____

_____

Girl_____ Boy_____ Age now_____ Grade now_____

Previous school_____ Proposed entrance_____

Type of school preferred_____

Location preferred_____ Anticipated annual cost_____

7-65

Modeling

THE BARBIZON SCHOOL

Attractive, qualified girls prepared for careers as fashion or photographic models. Selective acceptance standards. Free use of Barbizon Agency. Residence service. Request catalogue A. **Helen Fraser, Director, 576 Fifth Avenue, New York 36, N. Y.**

Any of the schools listed here will gladly give you further information. Letters mentioning VOGUE will receive special consideration.

Fine & Applied Arts

AUDITORE SCHOOL OF FASHION DESIGN

Designing, Sketching, Draping, Patternmaking, Dressmaking. Coed. Enroll now! Request Cat. V. **1182 Broadway (28th St.), N. Y. I. MU 3-1348.**

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ART

Practical courses in all branches of Commercial and Fine Art. Faculty of international reputation. Placement service. 42nd year. Coed. Fall term begins Sept. 7. Catalog. **Frank R. Young, Director, Dept. 675, 30 East Adams Street, Chicago 3, Illinois.**

MAYER SCHOOL of FASHION



"The Dynamic Approach to Designing" Fashion Workshop Method; Designing Course with graduation certificate in less than a year. Individual Guidance. Day-Eve. Co-ed. Free Placement Service. Est. 1931. Air Conditioned • Summer Session
• **Designing** • **Dressmaking** • **Draping**
• **Sketching** • **Patternmaking** • **Grading**
Request Cat. U or Home Study Cat. U-1
64 W. 36 St., N. Y. 18 LO 5-5620

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DESIGN

SUMMER SESSION
SIX WEEKS' PRACTICAL COURSE
Starts July 7th. Faculty of leading decorators. Period and modern styles. Send for Catalog 7S. Home Study Course starts at once. For those who cannot come to New York. Send for Catalog 7C.
155 East 56th St., New York 22

TRAPHAGEN SCHOOL OF FASHION *For Results*



Training Here Pays Lifetime Dividends
Trade Methods in Minimum Time—Coed
ART DESIGN CLOTHING CONSTRUCTION INT. DECOR
INTENSIVE SIX WEEKS' SUMMER COURSE
Beginners & Advanced. Day, Eve., Sat. *Register Now!* Illustration, Sketch, Pattern, Dressmaking, Display. Our Graduates in Demand! Junior Sat. A.M. Class. Free Placement Bur. Send for Cir. I. Phone CO 5-2077.
TRAPHAGEN, 1680 Broadway (52d St.) N.Y. 19

Art

STUDENTS prepare for careers using talent in Commercial Art, Interior Decoration and Design. Fashion Merchandising with modeling. Dress Design. Fashion Illustration. Window Display. Coed. Residence for out-of-town girls, walking distance to school. Nearby apartments available for men. Individual advancement. Excellent professional instructors and equipment. For literature and entrance dates write office of the Registrar Room 206. Specify course.
RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS
750 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO 11
(No connection with Vogue Magazine)

Career & Finishing

Patricia Stevens

CAREER & FINISHING COURSE... *Fashion Merchandising, Professional Modeling, Secretarial,* plus *Finishing Courses.* Schools in Principal Cities. Train for a Prestige Job. For course information write Patricia Stevens Career College, 161 West Wisconsin Ave., Milwaukee, Wis. 53203
Please indicate Age and Interest.

Hotel Training

Hotels and Motels Call for Trained Women

Record breaking travel means nationwide opportunities and a sound, substantial future for trained women in the hotel, motel and hospitality field. Fascinating work; quick advancement. You can qualify at home, in leisure time, or through resident classes in Washington. Previous experience proved unnecessary. Placement Service without extra cost. Write for FREE book. Apprv'd. for ALL Vet. Tng. Accd't Member NHSC.
LEWIS HOTEL-MOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL
Rm. ML-6212, Washington, D. C. 20037. 49th Yr.

Airline Training

McCONNELL AIRLINE SCHOOL

Be an Air Hostess. Romance! Travel! Adventure! Fun! Train in 4 weeks for exciting flight and ground positions. Airline-trained teachers. Free placement service. 21st year. Catalog (give age).
1030 Nicolett Ave., Rm. V-75, Minneapolis, Minn.

Retailing

TOBÉ-COBURN

SCHOOL FOR FASHION CAREERS
Prepare for a career in buying, advertising, fashion coordination. One & Two Year Courses. Store work with pay. Lifelong placement service. Begins Sept. 1. Catalog A. **851 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021**

CHAMBERLAIN

A PROFESSIONAL SCHOOL OF RETAILING
Merchandising, personnel, display, fashion promotion, copy. Thorough 2-yr. course for College age girls. Training in Boston stores. Dormitories.
Muriel V. Cox, 90 Marlborough St., Boston 16, Mass.

L.I.M.—FASHION CAREERS

12 EAST 53 STREET, NEW YORK 22, N.Y.
Learn buying, advertising, fashion coordination. T.V., in N.Y.'s smartest section. 1- and 2-year courses. Paid store work. Graduates placed. Cat. V.
Laboratory Institute of Merchandising

RAY-VOGUE SCHOOLS

Intensive 1 year program Fashion Merchandising. Buying. Modeling. Speech. Selling in stores Sat. with pay. Residence for girls, walking distance to school. Write Registrar Room 209. Specify course.
750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois.

Secretarial & Business

THE MARY BYERS SCHOOL

EXECUTIVE SECRETARIAL TRAINING
Preparation for top secretarial positions. Accred. by N.Y. State Ed. Dept. Day, eve., summer. Free placement service. New classes begin Sept., Feb., July.
Rm. 202V, 545 Fifth Ave. (45th), N. Y. 17. OX 7-9246.

HELEN McAVOY SCHOOL

Gregg, Pitman, Syllabic shorthand. Day, eve. sessions start weekly. 6 mo., 1-yr. diploma & courses for college women start Sept., Feb., July. Summer session. Air-conditioned. Placement service. Catalog V.
521 5th Ave. (43rd St.), N.Y. 17, N.Y. MU 2-1820.

BERKELEY SCHOOL

Intensive, comprehensive secretarial courses for H.S. graduates, college women. Distinguished faculty. Guidance. Placement service. New Term July 1st. Write for Catalog V: **420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.; White Plains, N.Y.; E. Orange, N.J.**

KATHARINE GIBBS

Outstanding secretarial training for high school graduates, college women. Resident facilities. Write: **Associate Principal, 21 Marlborough St., Boston 16; 200 Park Ave., N. Y. 17; 33 Plymouth St., Montclair, N. J.; 77 S. Angell St., Providence 6.**

CLAREMONT

Comprehensive 1 year course to prepare young women for Executive Secretarial positions. Residence facilities. Write **Assistant Secretary:**
Chrysler Bldg., 405 Lexington Ave., N. Y. 10017
99 North Broadway, Hicksville, L. I., N. Y.

WOOD SECRETARIAL SCHOOL

College-level courses for H. S. and Private School grads. Accred. by State. Ed. Dept. Placement service. Air-conditioned. Dorm. 86th yr. Enroll now for Sept. or Feb. Catalog. **Registrar, 125 Park Ave. (100 E. 42 St., opp. Gr. Central), N.Y., N.Y. 10017. OX 7-1290.**

GRACE BALL SEC'L COLLEGE

SAN FRANCISCO BY THE GOLDEN GATE
Executive, Legal, Electronics Technical, Intensive Sec'l Courses. College women, H.S., Private School grads. Residence. Placement. Catalog. **Registration Secretary, 525 Sutter St., San Francisco 2, Calif.**

MISS MacALEER'S

SECRETARIAL SCHOOL
Executive, Legal, Medical Secretarial Courses. College women. Residence assistance. Individual training. Enrollment limited.
391 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94108.

CHANDLER

SCHOOL FOR WOMEN • SECRETARIAL
OFFERS NEW EDUCATIONAL EXPERIENCE
For young women who wish to enjoy life to the fullest by making it count for something important. One of Boston's oldest and most distinguished schools offers excellent professional secretarial training combined with maturing influence of an unusual residence program. Two-year Medical, Legal, Science-research, Executive specialization. One-year Course. Students live in beautiful Chandler residences in the exclusive Back Bay. Through this program each student shares in the use of the exciting cultural and social resources of a city noted for its music, arts, and ideas. Send for catalog and program folder. **Dr. G. I. Rohrbough, President, 448 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. 02115.**

Home Study

INTERIOR DECORATION

Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. No wasted time. Text and work kit furnished. Diploma awarded. Send for free book. **Chicago School of Interior Decoration, 835 Diversey Pkwy., Dept. 115B, Chicago.**

HIGH SCHOOL AT HOME

Many finish in 2 yrs. Prepares for college entrance exams. Standard H.S. texts supplied. Diploma awarded. Credit for H.S. subjects already completed. Single subjects if desired. Free bulletin. **American School, Dept. TB44, Drexel at 58th, Chicago 37.**

DRESS DESIGNING

Approved supervised home study training. Fine starting point for career. No classes. Text and work kit furnished. Low tuition & payments. Send for free booklet. **National School of Dress Design, 835 Diversey Parkway, Dept. 115B, Chicago, Illinois 60614.**

MODERN DRESSMAKING

Old timers and beginners sew faster and better. Learn at home. New factory short-cuts, latest time saving tips. Make money through creative sewing. Free information: **Lifetime Career Schools, Dept. V-75, Los Angeles, Calif. 90049.**

Any of these schools will gladly give you further information.

"WE'RE LOOKING FOR PEOPLE WHO LIKE TO DRAW"...



says NORMAN ROCKWELL one of America's 12 Most Famous Artists. If you like to draw, you may have talent to become a successful artist, spare or full time Find out for sure with our scientific, 12-page FREE ART TALENT TEST. Thousands paid to take it. Now get it FREE. No obligation. Send your name, address, age to:

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
DEPT. 7755, WESTPORT, CONN.

Why Are You A Bore?

A noted publisher in Chicago reports there is a simple technique of everyday conversation which can pay you real dividends in both social and business advancement and works like magic to give you added poise, self-confidence and greater popularity.

According to this publisher, many people do not realize how much they could influence others simply by what they say and how they say it. Whether in business, at social functions, or even in casual conversations with new acquaintances, there are ways in which you can make a good impression every time you talk.

To acquaint the readers of this publication with the easy-to-follow rules for developing skill in everyday conversation, the publishers have printed full details of their interesting self-training method in a new book, "Adventures in Conversation," which will be mailed free to anyone who requests it. No obligation. Simply send your request to: Conversation Studies, 835 Diversey Parkway, Dept. 115B, Chicago 14, Ill. A postcard will do.

(Advertisement)

An English dream

(Continued from page 133)

American family photographs. In a specifically Virginian corner, a bronze Negro's head stands on Mrs. Lancaster's desk, under a painting of red-brick Mirador in the snow and sun, suspended by scarlet cords over a pier glass. There is even a fine grand piano in the Gothick bow window, under a basket of superb begonias.

The so-called Palladian room is officially the room for cards. But non-players are likely to be even more sensitive than players to the beauty of its displays of Meissen, Minton, Worcester, Derby, Bow, and Chelsea china, and its wallpaper, hand-painted in faultless imitation of the paper in the prima donna's room in the theatre of the pleasure palace at Drottningholm. One small, spare section of the original was given to Mrs. Lancaster by the King of Sweden and is embodied (it is impossible to say where) in the imitation.

Undoubtedly the drawing room is the most remarkable of the rooms on Haseley's ground floor. Two storeys high, a barrel-ceilinged eighteenth-century "saloon" in the manner of Wyatt, it has aquamarine-silk-covered walls decorated with an amazing assortment of Chippendale gilt appliques of incomparable delicacy and complexity and finesse. Twin full-length portraits of the Fitton sisters, famous early-seventeenth-century upper-class English demimondaines in pearl-white dresses, are reflected in Louis Seize mirrors between windows that give on to the formal garden.

A portrait of two eighteenth-century Roxburghe children, in Van Dyck suits, with a dog, looks down from above the chimney-piece on to an Aubusson carpet and immense flower arrangements. The chairs and sofas are sumptuous. Yet this could only be a room in a country house.

Up the rush-matted staircase, past black-framed mezzotints and horse engravings, the bedrooms are filled with pictures, objects, and furniture in every way as fine as the contents of the living rooms below. But Mrs.

(Continued on page 136)



The whole world loves it after dinner.



Intriguing on the rocks...



...essential in a Side Car.

Cointreau, the world's most renowned liqueur...for generations the crowning touch to a perfect dinner...the key to classic cocktails...always inviting over ice. Magically enhances the flavor of gourmet dishes, too!

80 PROOF. PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY COINTREAU LTD., PENNINGTON, N. J.

An English dream

(Continued from page 135)

Lancaster's own bedroom, in the remains of the mediaeval wing, is the most astonishing of them all. With its Strawberry Hill Gothick cornice, its vaulted ceiling and walls painted in apricot-and-white trompe l'oeil, its seventeenth-century carved wooden stags' heads with real antlers, its Spanish screen and Scottish Chippendale armchairs, it is less like a bedroom than a cross between a private oratory, an inspired operatic hunting lodge, and an ark, or galleon, floating high above the garden's sea of flowers.

Here is the English country house as it might have been and never was. Anything but a reconstitution, let alone a replica. It has its own truth to life, like a work of creative art. . . .

On the rare occasions when Mrs. Lancaster comes now to her native land, particularly on her visits to New York, she has a visiting Englishwoman's enthusiasm for early rising, walking, and shopping all day long. To friends who ask where they can contact her, she is apt to reply, "On the escalator at Bloomingdale's." Yet at Haseley one is reminded again and again of her Virginian origins. Surely this twentieth-century American woman (or seventeenth-century Englishwoman) puts more energy and trouble and adventure than most Englishwomen of today into everything she does. Her tastes are surely more full-blooded and extravagant. She habitually plays, as it were, for infinitely higher stakes. Above all, she plays, even as she works her fingers to the bone. She goes to the utmost limits of wise housekeeping—and often well beyond—in acquiring priceless objects, and putting into effect extravagantly beautiful decorative or gardening plans.

Watching her on a notable summer occasion, a garden party for the past and present indoor and outdoor staffs of her own and her family's English houses, with a copious sit-down tea in the converted laundry-house and a final group-photograph on the lawn outside, one finds it impossible to say who enjoys the party more, the hostess or her guests. Michael Tree, Mrs. Lancaster's younger son, who has driven for hours across-country to be present, is admired almost as much as the impeccable head gardener from Cliveden.

There is general, if suppressed, approval when Mrs. Lancaster comments audibly on the way the lady's maids have all got together over their tea-cakes "to tell each other how bloody I was." She may be "a card," but that is how she always was, and they prefer it.

On the next evening there is a different kind of party, followed by a game of croquet on the twilit lawn. The Duke of Devonshire's daughter Emma, married to the Hon. Tobias Tennant and living in the house that Mrs. Lancaster has fitted up in the stable-barn, is about to have her first baby. But she plays stalwartly, and about as well as the rest. Perhaps not quite so well as the willowy Persian girl who is staying at another of Mrs. Lancaster's cottages. But then, foreigners always tend to be unnaturally gifted for what one thought were English games. Somewhere in the dusky middle-distance a nightingale starts singing. Nothing has really changed. One finds oneself inwardly praying that the present moment will go on forever.

But this is England, where such ideas are best left unrevealed. One couldn't even disclose them to one's hostess. After all, she is the kind of woman who is about as capable of giving expression to her deepest feelings as she would be of ridding herself at will of a chronic head cold. Commenting once on a friend's warmly appreciative letter of thanks for a visit to Haseley, she complained that it made her feel as though she were being stifled in spun sugar. And when someone ventured to tell her how much she "gave," she took it as meaning that she talked too much.

All the same, there may perhaps be no harm now in recording that two members of the English younger generation who happened to be houseguests at Haseley that weekend each privately confessed that there was no house in England where they would rather spend a weekend, a week, or a month. Quite clearly they loved the place almost as much as Mrs. Lancaster does. Which is saying something. For it requires no special clairvoyance to tell that, if her creative hand has healed Haseley's wounds, Haseley in return, by some process of mutual therapy, has healed wounds of her own.

No doubt I shall be accused of having, under the scant cover of describing a house and garden, produced a "personal write-up" of their owner instead. Yet the truth is, one can not possibly write Mrs. Lancaster up. One can only write her down. For it is with such people as it is with our rarest, best thoughts. The mere act of translating them into words has a way of giving an absurd, hard edge to their tenderness, and tarnishing all their gold.



Slip into Someplace Cool

Come to Ixtapan and breathe deep in its mile-high, clear fresh air, 70° year 'round. Swim in Fountain pools. Golf, ride or relax in everblooming gardens. Hotel Ixtapan resort spa — 90 miles from Mexico City — 250 deluxe rooms and Chalets, modest rates, delicious food. Healthful thermal mineral baths, the most luxurious in the world; invigorating body and beauty treatments for a new you.

Call your Travel Agent or write

IXTAPAN

Paseo Reforma 132, Mexico City

CLAIROL, LADY CLAIROL AND ULTRA-BLUE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS, AND BORN BLONDE IS A TRADEMARK OF CLAIROL INC. © 1964 CLAIROL INC. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA.

born a blonde? No, BORN BLONDE

New Clairol discovery tones your hair so naturally, it even makes you feel blonde

Now you can have blondeness that looks as though you were born with it. Pale. Soft. Shimmering with light.

Blondeness that stays pale and pretty through sunshine and shampoos.

Blondeness that's all the lovelier for the beauty and vigor of the hair itself.

The reason is BORN BLONDE, a totally new blonding lotion from Clairol.

There's news in what we left out of this formula. There's no peroxide in it, and you don't add any. (It actually feels cool and refreshing.)

And there's news in what we put in: creamy conditioners that coax your hair to a healthy-looking gleam.

It's surprisingly easy to use. After your hair is lightened by Ultra-Blue Lady Clairol, BORN BLONDE is just poured on. There's no sectioning, and the color "takes" quickly.

Choose one of twelve shimmery shades, from pale ivory to a soft beige, or ask your hairdresser to mix a tone that's purely, personally yours.



One day very soon (today?) pour on BORN BLONDE and be born all over again—a delicate blonde.

It even makes you feel blonde.

Alone at last–

Martini & Rossi Vermouth **all by itself.**

The way she likes it... he likes it... you'll like it.

Sweet or extra dry on the rocks.

Europe's distinguished Vermouth–

this nation's favorite... for years!



RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.



MARTINI & ROSSI

OUTSIDE THE U.S. AND CANADA IT'S CALLED MARTINI VERMOUTH